The magazine devoted to pleasure

THE DUDE

K

NOVEMBER, 1956

D. H. LAWRENCE

JAMES T. FARRELL

H. ALLEN SMITH

WALT GROVE



Fifty Cents

NOVEMBER, 1956

THE DUDE

VOLUME I NO. 2

READERS' FORUM

The tips of our ears are blushing beet-red with gratitude. We've heard so many nice things about our first issue from readers all over the world, that in the past few weeks we've been walking around on a nicely curved, alluring pink cloud. In fact, we came off it just in time to put the finishing touches on this, our second issue. Here's just a sample of the kind of letters that have been turning our heads:

Will He Hold Out?

SIR:

I have just finished reading The Dude, and I must say it's really a fine publication.

In the next week or so, you will receive my subscription for this new and wonderful magazine.

How do you expect us to hold out until October for another issue?

W. Courtland Robinson
Earlington, Ky.

SIR:

Very refreshing and interesting magazine.

J. B. Hay
Watertown, S. D.

Tank Suit Devotee

SIR:

I have enjoyed the first issue of your publication very much...

I would greatly appreciate it if you would advise where I might procure the tank suits with harlequin diamond inserts by Jamie Boru shown on page 64 of your August issue.

Robert L. Dark, Jr.
Tyler, Tex.

(A full line of tank suits is stocked by Jamie Boru, Inc., 116 East 57th Street, New York City. They'll be glad to fill mail orders.—THE EDITOR)

More Pats on the Back

SIR:

That there "Dude" magazine you fellers printed up shor is a dandy.

Better put me down as a charter subscriber.

Wm. A. Murdoch
Chicago

The Cat Was The Last Word

SIR:

I wish to take this opportunity to tell you that I think "The Last Word Was The Cat's" is the finest story I have ever read. I truly think it should go down among the classics.

Thanks to Mr. Murphy for his good story and to you for recognizing it.

Al Baker
Santa Monica, Calif.

Three Cheers for Exotica

SIR:

You have a fine magazine, but I hope you will lay off murder, sports, and jazz music and deal in the exotic realms of sex and feminine charms. You don't have to go in for a lot of expensive color as some of your rivals do; just give us more stories like "Wildcat" and pictures and art work like in your first issue.

Paul M. Meikle
Panama City, Fla.

SIR:

One of the best magazines I have seen...

Russel H. Folk
Fleetwood, Pa.

SIR.

I have just finished your first issue and enjoyed it very much. I hope the future ones are as good or even better.

Raymond O'Brien
Jersey City, N. J.

SIR

I have just finished reading your August issue of The Dude from cover to cover. A wonderful book...

Bud Sproule
Toronto, Ont.

SIR:

Some weeks ago I noticed a copy of The Dude on the newsstand. After thumbing through a few pages, I bought it and discovered it was just what I had been looking for—"A Magazine Devoted to Pleasure." Then, just two days ago, I noticed another magazine I hadn't seen before—The Gent. When I bought and read this one, I discovered that I liked it just as much as The Dude. Both copies were Volume 1, Number 1. This pleased me even more, since it meant I hadn't missed anything that might have gone before.

S. L. (Bud) Appleby
Kansas City, Mo.



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...

Nelsan Algren tells a story of the seamier side of Chicago life... Bon Vivant Eric Matt, sexpat extraordinary, is off on a new adventure... Rabert Benchley tells a Christmas story ta end all Christmas stories... And you'll visit a tawn in Europe where the hi-jinks are at their highest...

All this, and much mare, in the pleasure-filled pages of the next issue of THE DUDE—The Magazine Devoted To Pleasure.

We've gat lats af fast and funny, hard and pawerful staries... humar with a different twist... photo essays you won't see anywhere else... all designed far yaur exclusive entertainment.

Watch far the January issue of THE DUDE. Yau'll be glad yau did!





THE DUDE



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the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure

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Two kinds of beauty are fused by the British master of the camera

S T A T U E S Q U E



One of Great Britain's most renowned studio photographers, Zoltan Glass is always experimenting with new modes of pictorial expression. Here he blends stone and flesh in a harmonious triumph of composition. This portfolio of variations on an eternal theme sheds a unique light on the interplay between the world of Woman and the world of Art.

We consider it a distinct privilege to present the work of this master photographer to our readers. We are sure you will agree that he achieves effects far beyond those of any of his contemporaries. Welcome, then, to the world of Zoltan Glass.



fiction . BOB BRISTOW

WELCOME TO THE MADCAP UNIVERSE OF ERIC MOTT —

GOTHAM'S NUTTIEST PLAYBOY AND MOST DARING LOVER



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

ERIC MOTT'S EXPERIMENT

Eric Mott bounded down the hallway, carrying the wine by the neck of the bottle. He turned the key to the fashionable New York apartment and bounded inside, shouting cheerily.

"Sheila. Sheila, darling," he sang musically. "I'm home."

No answer.

He put the wine on a table and rubbed his chin thoughtfully, laughing quietly to himself. He was a very tall man, thin, and his hair was cut short. He looked twenty, was thirty-five. He was not entirely insane, but the point had been argued. It was Eric's good fortune to be wealthy. It solved a number of problems.

Glancing about the room, his eyes fell on the painting. It was one of those abstracts, done in brilliant color. It was called *Morning Rose*. Poorly named, he thought. It

should have been called *Sex*. All of which brought his mind back to Sheila.

Like a happy child he ran to her bedroom, stopped short. "Our minds are one," he shouted gleefully. Who else would know how he felt . . . Sheila, he saw, was nude, lying gracefully across the bed, her eyes closed.

"Oh, well," he thought, "the wine can wait." And to Sheila, "Aren't you the coy one? We must have a painting done of you that way. We'll call it . . ." his eyes brightened—"*The Sleeping Nude*. My, isn't that clever!"

Eric bounded across the room and began to make love to his wife.

"Come now, little fawn," he said playfully, "you aren't responding. You know what that book said. Havelock Ellis said . . . you know, about being a tiger in bed. Wasn't that appropriate?

"Really, you aren't doing a thing. What in the . . . Oh! No wonder." He laughed. "You're *dead*. How disappointing."

Eric left the bed and sulked against the wall. "What a waste," he said. "The wine was expensive."

He lighted a cigarette and examined his dead wife.

"And nude?" He thought about this for a moment. "I'll bet, you little devil, you were up to something, weren't you?"

Eric left the room, smoking the cigarette. "It was such a lovely evening. I felt moved." A light glowed in his eyes. "Of course!" he said brightly. "I'll simply have to change plans. Why didn't I think of it before?"

He dialed a number.

"Hello."

"Yes," a soft voice answered.

"This is Eric Mott."

"Oh, yes," the voice answered.

"I want you to come right over. I have a divine bottle of wine and it's wasting."

"There? At your place?"

"Certainly . . ." he said. "How stupid of me. I forgot to tell you my wife is dead."

The voice answered with a laugh.

"How soon can you make it?" he asked.

"An hour."

"Good," he said laughing. " "I'll get rid of the body."

"Ha ha ha."

He hung up. He took the wine to the kitchen to chill. Then he placed glasses on a tray. This done, Eric went back to the problem at hand.

"Let me see," he thought, rubbing his chin, "what should be done?"

He hated himself for not having a greater imagination. He could drop her on the floor of the closet and close the door. But he'd forget she was there, he felt sure he would. And he'd go in there and stumble all over her. He thought about throwing her out the window. That was so amusing he had to sit down. What would the neighbors think if they saw him pushing his wife through the tenth floor window? Besides, that would ruin the evening. He just knew he'd watch her fall, and a thing like that would be impossible, what with that girl, Gloria, wasn't it? . . . yes, Gloria, coming.

Then what? Eric decided he didn't have the imagination to cope with the problem. He looked up the police in the directory.

"Precinct Seven," a gruff voice answered.

"I need some advice," Eric said cheerfully.

"Yeah."

"Well, I know you've had a lot of experience with this sort of thing, and I think you can help me."

"What is it?" the policeman asked.

"Well, my wife is dead and I have company coming and I don't know what to do with the body."

"Look, buddy," the policeman said, "we got no time for jokes."

"You don't understand," Eric persisted. "My guest is coming and I must get rid of the body or it will spoil everything. Please, try to tell me where to put the body."

"Listen, wise guy . . ."

"Now . . . now . . . you aren't helping."

"Okay, fathead, wrap the body in a sheet and dump it down the laundry chute."

"That's it. Now why didn't I think of that?"

He hung up. He went to the bedroom and wrapped Sheila in a sheet and tied the ends of the sheet with a piece of twine. Then he carried her to the laundry chute. He looked at the opening and he didn't think she would fit. But he tried, anyway. Finally, breathless, he managed to force her into the chute and she disappeared with a long . . . swoooooooooooosh. It was delightful.

"These police people," he laughed. "They think of everything."

In a few minutes, after he had changed into his robe, he heard a knock at the door. It was Gloria. She was very blond, not at all natural because the roots of her hair were dark. She was tall, like himself. She painted her mouth above the lip line, like so many of those girls do.

"Hello, Eric," she said and came into the room.

"How long do you want me to stay?" she asked, taking off her coat. Beneath it she wore a very tight dress with a low-cut neckline.

"The night," Eric said. "Of course."

"What about your wife?" Gloria asked. "I don't want to get mixed up in a family deal."

"Ridiculous," he said. "My wife is dead. I dropped her down the laundry chute."

Gloria laughed. "You are a kill," she said. Then, "This is going to cost, you know, by the night."

"Why must you people always talk of money?"

"Habit." She walked to the phone and dialed a number. "This is Gloria. I've got a date for all night. So don't be calling for me at the number."

She hung up.

"Let's play," Eric said.

"Let's."

He poured the wine. After the bottle was finished, he was feeling magnificently light, as if he was a cloud, or something.

"Look at me," he said floating about the room. "I'm a little cloud."

Gloria, seductively arranged on a couch, her dress up to her thighs, the zipper at the top loosened so that she would have less difficulty breathing, smiled and tipped her glass.

Eric went to her.

"I have a new idea. I don't think it's ever been done this way."

(*turn to page* 60)

fiction

RENEE PETERS



REHEARSAL

How do you turn a lovely girl into a great actress? Rod Wainwright had a theary . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY AL WESTE

Sandra's body, full, curved, sheathed in white from her gold-painted toenails to her soft perfumed throat, arched seductively. Gold-tipped fingernails rested on her tensed stomach. She raised her hands slowly, languorously, and buried them in her luxuriant blond hair. The heavy-lidded eyes closed, lips moist, her mouth parted wantonly, and the already breast-taut bodice swelled, rising and falling under the heaving passion of her magnificent torso.

Sandra Page, Hollywood's Queen of Sex, surrounded in one corner of the lush apartment by several rich New York wolves, was doing the third-act love scene from what would be her first Broadway play.

The aroused men, their eyes avidly caressing the pointed breasts, shifted from one foot to the other in nervous craving.

From across the room, immune to the bare shoulders and the pink proffered bosoms of the eager unemployed actresses at the party, director Rod Wainwright, moodily sipping his martini, studied the sensuous vibrance of his leading lady.

Sandra's hands clutched her jutting breasts.

The hungry unappeased want within him, always pulsing in her presence, began to twist and turn.

The company manager of *Hidden Torments*, Jim Dawson, came up beside Rod, and watching Sandra, chuckled. "I'll bet a glamour queen in a dramatic role, and look what happens."

Rod nodded, not taking his eyes from the flashing fingernails cupping the soft mounds. "The audience liked the preview tonight, but it's the opening tomorrow night, and the critics, that I'm worried about."

Sandra's hands moved down her yearning body, while her hips swayed sinuously. The gold fingernails dug lightly into her pouting stomach, and Rod twitched as if she had touched him.

Dawson shook his head. "Believe me, son. This is one opening you don't have to worry about. The critics will eat it up. You not only have a great play, but you've made that girl into an actress. They won't be able to resist the combination."

The searching hands slid to her firm thighs, and flexed restlessly in place. Her legs should have been spread, wide apart, but the confining sheath didn't allow it, and the skin-taut silk molded every line, muscle, curve, and hollow of her loins.

Rod's hunger filmed his eyes, and hot rivulets of perspiration burned down from his armpits across his ribs.

The heavy-lidded eyes opened, were glazed, staring, and her fevered mouth trembled.

Dawson gasped. "She's something, all right! How you ever got her to think and act in terms of the Stanislavski method is beyond me."

The glazed eyes settled on Rod, cleared, and as they recognized him, began to smolder with longing. The svelte passion-racked body leaned imperceptibly toward him, and charged desire cut across the room like a searing brand.

Rod crawled inwardly, and the thrashing want became a demand.

Every person in the room now watched Sandra play to Rod. They were caught up in the grip of the violent intimate yearning that brushed them all; that washed over them like a guiding caress.

Her eyes smiled at him with a woman's promise.

Dawson's voice was thick with envy. "You lucky bastard, Rod! I don't wonder at the time you spent with her."

Rod stiffened, and frustration sieved through him. If you only knew, he thought bitterly.

Heads started bending, and voices began whispering. Rod heard: "Darling, stop *drooling*. She belongs to Rod. She went for him immediately, no ifs, ands, or buts!"

Sandra's arms reached for him, supplicating; her eyes were hooded with desire. And behind him: "Of *course* you know all three of her husbands *really* divorced *her*. Insatiable! *Absolutely* insatiable!" The amused masculine chuckle that followed the remark mocked Rod's hunger.

Gulping the rest of his martini, he tore his eyes from Sandra's taunting, desirable body. They should know, he thought, glaring into the empty glass. Clad only in a negligee, her charged body had trembled under his hands that night, and she had said, "Sweetheart . . . don't . . . I love you so, I'm afraid of what will happen if I ever let myself go."

The room around Rod erupted with applause and hearty male bravos. He looked up. Sandra had finished.

The group of men that had surrounded her, parted, and she floated toward him on the liquid movement of her thighs. The majestic breasts still rose and fell in stirring tempo, and her statuesque body, animal-vibrant, emanated an inner rhythm in counterpoint to the throbbing of his blood. Every woman in the room watched Sandra enviously, and every man's loins were bedevilled.

Rod set the martini glass on a table. She wasn't going to put him off any longer!

Sandra threw her arms around his neck, and the panting torso thrust against his chest like twin globes of fire. Her amorous lips pressed deliciously against his, and her perfumed throat exuded a heady bounding scent. "Sweetheart," she cooed against his mouth, "You didn't applaud. I did the scene correctly, didn't I?"

The feel of her cushiony body stung his maleness like a whip and his body tensed. With extreme self-control, he casually placed his hands on the rich curve of her hips, and smiled into the concerned green eyes. "Nothing too serious, Sandra. We'll iron it out at the rehearsal tomorrow afternoon, with Jonathan."

(*turn to page* 9)



"HELP! HELP!"

He disengaged himself from the titillating pressure of her arms and body, and asked Dawson, "You did tell Jonathan to be at my place tomorrow, didn't you?"

"Sure did, Rod," answered Dawson, smiling broadly at Rod and Sandra. "He'll be there at two sharp."

Rod took Sandra by the arm, and walked her toward a door that he knew led to a study.

"It's spontaneity, darling."

Sandra listened, intently, almost worshipfully. A wave of the luxuriant blond hair fell across one eye. She shook it out of her face with a sharp movement of her head, and her swollen torso jumped maddeningly.

Rod's fingers, holding her arm, tightened. He continued: "You're not spontaneous enough in some spots. Tonight, on stage, you and Jonathan both seemed *timed* in your actions."

They were almost to the door.

"You seemed timed just now, too." His eyes caressed her stomach and thighs. "In the stomach-to-thigh bit, with your hands."

Sandra was deep in thought, reliving the scene in her mind.

He opened the door and let her go in. "You are evidently still thinking mechanically about those movements. They haven't become a permanent part of your feelings." The room was empty. Thankfully, he closed the door.

Sandra walked into the room, brow furrowed. "I don't know, darling. I thought that I had projected myself, *a la* Stanislavski, into the emotion and mood of that scene." She looked up at him, her smiling eyes a deep green in the half-light. "The feelings I have certainly seem real to me. I quiver all over whenever I do it."

Rod had quickly stepped up to her, and now his mouth covered the parted red lips, and his arms pulled her to him.

Automatically her hands were at the back of his head, clinging. Her body arched into him, and her mouth opened ardently to receive his frenzied tongue.

Her body trembled, squirmed, then quivered against his, and she pulled her mouth from his. She was panting.

The hunger within him exploded, wouldn't be denied. His lips found the bare, soft, perfumed hollow of her throat, and one hand raced over her twitching stomach, straining thighs, back over the stomach, and finding a throbbing breast, began to knead the pulsing globe feverishly.

She moaned. "Don't, darling. I'm burning up inside!"

His hand searched over the sheath, which, although a second skin that jumped with life, was a goading wall between his hand and the velvety skin it sought. His fingers fumbled with the zipper at the back of her neck.

Sandra half-sobbed and viciously jerked away from him, crying, "No! No! No!" She staggered to the door.

His hands, aching for the velvety flow of her skin, froze in the air at the violence of her cry, the pain in her face.

She stood at the door fighting for composure. "Oh, Rod," she sobbed. "You don't know what's going on inside of me! Please . . . You don't know what will happen if I let myself go!"

His mind, fogged with desire, he shook his head, and his hands reached for her as he took a wooden step.

She held up a hand to ward him off.

He stopped, his breath rasping in his throat.

Her voice was heavy with emotion. "Oh Rod! Please believe that I love you!" Then she turned, and opened the door, walking into the other room trying to look as if nothing had happened.

Hands shaking, Rod lit a cigaret and inhaled deeply, letting the soothing smoke fill his lungs. He exhaled viciously, vainly trying to purge himself of the tension of his loins. *He* didn't know what *he* was doing to *her!* Hell! *She* didn't know what *she* was doing to *him!*

His mind whirled as he dragged on the cigaret. What to do? How to break down this resistance of hers? How to get her to let herself go? His head ached. He had to be tormented by watching the love scene tomorrow, too! Jonathan got closer to her than he did. But she didn't *love* Jonathan, so it was *all right*. That damned scene . . . Then he looked up with a start as a thought flashed through his mind. He smiled confidently, and, his hunger calmed in the light of his plan, he walked back into the party.

The next afternoon at four, Rod ushered Jonathan Van Roon, the male lead in *Hidden Torment*, out of his apartment with, "Fine work, Jonathan. Do it that way tonight, and you'll get rave notices."

He closed the door, and faced Sandra, who reclined on the sofa, skin still glowing from the stimulation of the love scene.

The thick blond hair was tied behind her head in a heavy pony tail. She wore a tailored man's shirt, and her breasts, two luscious globes, pointed through the cloth. Her bare legs were crossed uncaringly, and the red skirt, pulled high, revealed the beckoning inner curve of her thighs.

He wanted to look long and hard at this exciting ripe spring, but, biding his time, he went to her and pecked the waiting lips.

Her eyes flicked open in surprise.

He walked to the bar and poured himself half a tumbler full of bourbon.

Edged with concern, her voice followed him. "I did do all right, didn't I?"

She had done it perfectly. She was primed for the opening that night. Ready as she'd ever be. But he looked coldly at her expectant face and said acidly, "*Who*, just *who*, is Stanislavski?" He took a large swallow of bourbon.

She sat up sharply, anger flashing in her eyes. "You're not at all funny, Rod! You've slaved me for months in learning the technique! Making me project from inside, from my feelings, showing me how not to be a mechanical doll!"

"Well, my dear, in this scene you are still a mechanical doll!"

Speechless, she shook her head, not wanting to believe the cold damning look on Rod's face.

He continued, "And this is the scene that will make or break the play!"

"But Rod . . ."

He quieted her with a disgusted wave of his hand. "Either you believe me and we start this scene from scratch or we'll get nowhere. You can't go on and play the scene like you just did."

(*turn to page* 56)



PHOTOGRAPHS/P I P



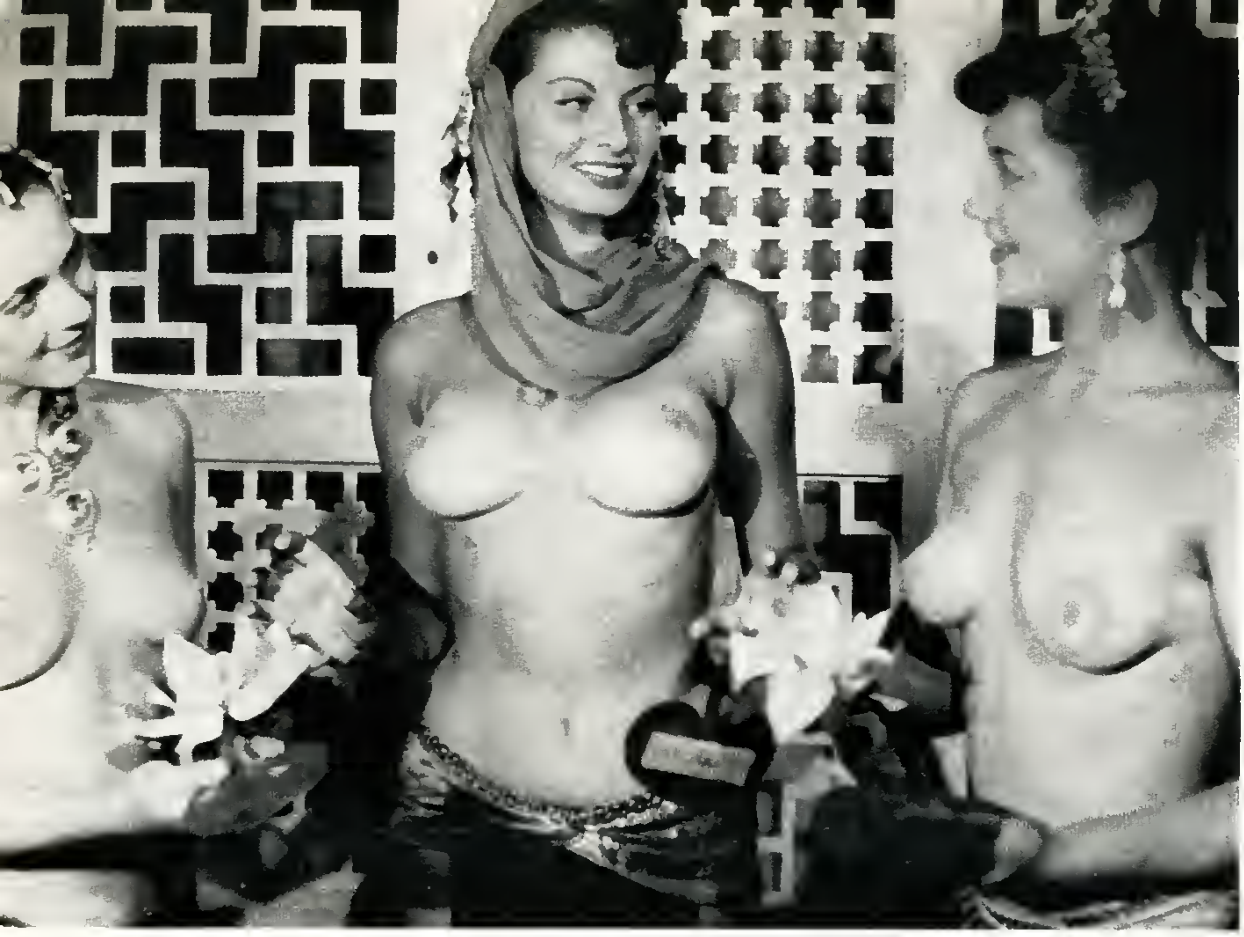


Saphia Laren is a big-time star
with abundantly evident charms.
But she had ta came up the hard way . . .

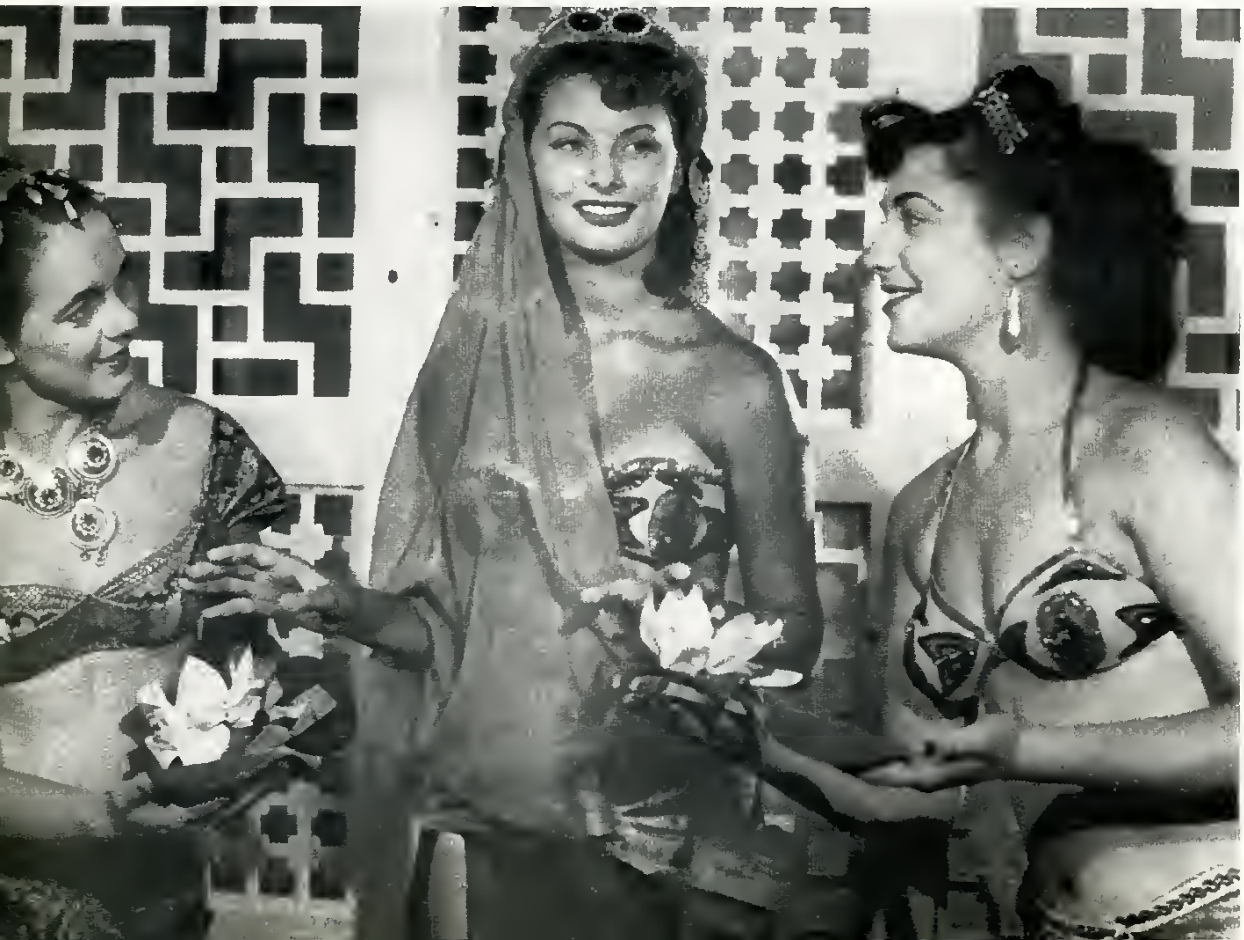


THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT BODY

A famous sculptor, who had seen no end of undraped females in his long lifetime, once declared that Sophia Loren's measurements were the very epitome of Grecian perfection. But it took the world a long time to wake up to her charms. As recently as four years ago she was still playing bit parts for measly wages in second-rate Italian films. But those days are gone forever!



One early Sophia Loren film wos shot twice, once for domestic cansumption, ond once for export.







The Sophia Loren of today believes in leading the simple life. One of the world's most celebrated beauties while still in her early twenties, she can already look back on a long and varied career—from high school student to beauty contest winner to actress to love goddess de luxe. *Living in Rome with her mother and sister, she is busy working on new films and says she will get married only when she finds her ideal—"a good, intelligent, and not too young man." Good, intelligent, and not too young men of the world, arise! You have nothing to lose but . . .*

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO SUMMERS



COCKSURE

essay - - - D. H. LAWRENCE

What's *really* wrong with the modern female?

Maybe the chickens had the right idea . . .

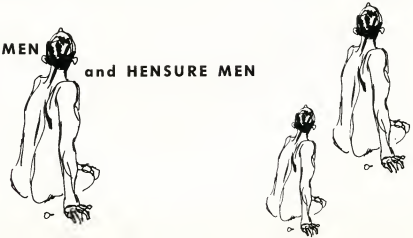
It seems to me there are two aspects to women. There is the demure and the dauntless. Men have loved to dwell, in fiction at least, on the demure maiden whose inevitable reply is: Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir! The demure maiden, the demure spouse, the demure mother —this is still the ideal. A few maidens, mistresses and others *are* demure. A few pretend to be. But the vast majority are not. And they don't pretend to be. We don't expect a girl skillfully driving her car to be demure, we expect her to be dauntless. What good would demure and maidenly members of Parliament be, inevitably responding: Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir!—Though of course there are masculine members of that kidney.—And a demure telephone girl? Or even a demure stenographer? Demureness, to be sure, is outwardly becoming, it is an outward mark of femininity, like bobbed hair. But it goes with inward dauntlessness. The girl who has got to make her way in life has got to be dauntless, and if she has a pretty, demure manner with it, then lucky girl. She kills two birds with two stones.

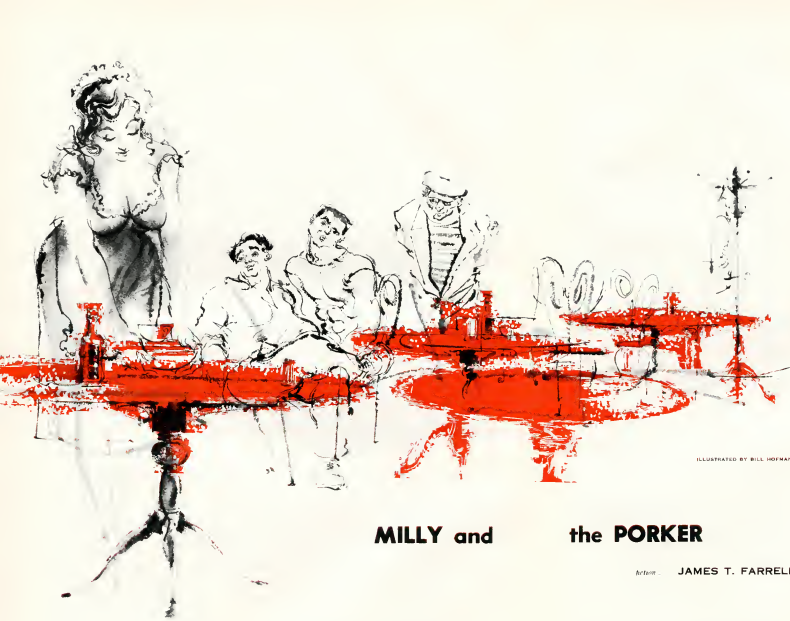
With the two kinds of femininity go two kinds of confidence: there are the women who are cocksure, and the women who are hensure. A really up-to-date woman is a cocksure woman. She doesn't have a doubt nor a qualm. She is the modern type. Whereas the old-fashioned demure woman was sure as a hen is sure, that is, without knowing anything about it. She went quietly and busily clucking around, laying the eggs and mothering the chickens in a kind of anxious dream that still was full of sureness. But not mental sureness. Her sureness was a physical condition, very soothing, but a condition out of which she could easily be startled or frightened.

It is quite amusing to see the two kinds of sureness in chickens. The cockerel is, naturally, cocksure. He crows because he is *certain* it is day. Then the hen peeps out from under her wing. He marches to the door of the hen-house and pokes out his head assertively: *Ah ha! daylight, of course! Just as I said!*—and he majestically steps down the chicken ladder towards *terra firma*, knowing that the hens will step cautiously after him, drawn by his confidence. So after him, cautiously, step the hens. He crows again: *Ha-ha! here we are!*—It is indisputable, and the hens accept it entirely. He marches towards the house. From the house a person ought to appear, scattering corn. Why does the person not appear? The cock will see to it. He is cocksure. He gives a loud crow in the doorway, and the person appears. The hens are suitably impressed, but immediately devote all their henny consciousness to the scattered corn, pecking absorbedly, while the cock runs and fusses, cocksure that he is responsible for it all.

So the day goes on. The cock finds a tit-bit, and loudly calls the hens. They scuffle up in henny surety, and gobble the tit-bit. But when they find a juicy morsel for themselves, they devour it in silence, hensure. Unless, of course, there are little chicks, when they most anxiously call the brood. But in her own dim surety, the hen is

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ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

MILLY and the PORKER

by JAMES T. FARRELL

All the boys made wisecracks about the fat man and his wife—but none of them knew the truth

"Adam 'n' Eve on a raft. Wreck 'em . . . an' a Combination!" Milly, the shapely waitress, shouted in a coarse voice.

She crossed the crowded restaurant on West Madison Street, carrying a stack of dirty dishes. Almost all the customers were men, and many of them watched her with eyes of desire.

Jack "Porky" Mulroy, Billy O'Brien, Mike Mulroney, Jim McGeegan, and Gunner Carlson, all route inspectors at the Continental Express Company, sat together at one table watching Milly cross the restaurant. Porky, a fat man, said:

"You know, fellows, Milly's a gal who could sneeze down my lungs every day in the week." He nervously ran a pudgy hand over his shortly clipped hair and took a wolfish bite of his ham sandwich. "Fellows, a girl with a toilet like Milly's could sneeze right down my lung whenever she damned well wanted to. Say, listen, if you ask me, even the sweat off the feet of a girl like that is perfume . . . good French perfume, at that."

"Listen, Porky, if I'd tell Flo what you just said, she'd brain you with a rollin' pin when you squeezed through the doorway tonight," Billy O'Brien said.

"I wear the pants in my house," Porky said in a husky, unconvincing tone of voice.

"Crap!" sneered Mike Mulroney, looking up from his pork chop.

Billy O'Brien laughed merrily.

Mike eyed Milly closely as she passed near him, carrying several orders.

"Say, anyway, Billy boy, don't you think that Milly could keep a sailor from freezin' on a cold and wintry night in the month of January?" Porky asked conciliatingly.

"I'm a respectable married man," Billy answered.

"But, no kiddin', Billy boy, what do you think of her?" Porky asked, his voice and face both hanging.

Billy concentrated on his veal cutlet. Porky finished his ham sandwich, drank the last of his coffee, and then nervously began to chew his fingernails. His soiled shirt cuff showed when he lifted his arm. He rubbed his bread, milk, face and then fingered his shirt collar. His finger caught in a rip of the shirt near the collar, and there was a tearing noise.

"My wife sews my shirts. And she washes them, too," Porky said. Mike and Billy laughed at him.

Porky looked hurt but said nothing.

"Listen Porky, you're too goddamned fat to get in the saddle with a jane like Milly," Mike said cruelly.

"Yeah!" Porky exclaimed, his face reddening.

"I had a heavy load of deliveries today," Gunner Carlson said as he stabbed the last piece of his pork chop.

Billy O'Brien threw his hands up in a despairing, get away-with-that-stuff gesture.

"Say, Bad News," Billy said, "This is feelin' time, and now work will ruin my digestion, play hell with my liver, and give me a big ache in the bowels. So, please?"

"Well, all I wanted to say was that I had a tough morning of it," Gunner said.

Porky chewed his fingernails again and followed Milly out of the corner of his eye as she was serving coffee to a customer. He noticed that she bent down, and he told

(turn over)

himself that if she bent over near his table he could see her breastworks.

"Say, Gunner, what did you give that Call Department gascar you got for mornin' deliveries this mornin'?" asked Jim McHeegan after he finished eating his roast beef.

"That Wiesenberg car? I had to sock it heavy . . ." Gunner answered.

"Listen, Gunner, you better be careful or McGinty is liable to lose his temper and hang one on you," kidded Billy O'Brien.

"McGinty," Porky sneered, "why, that overblown, balloon-bellied sonofabitch couldn't hit the blind side of a barn with a sling shot. Say, if he ever got in a fight with anybody at all, he wouldn't have the chances of a fart in a windstorm."

Porky's face reddened and began to bulge.

"Listen, Porky, the big Gas-house has your number, I gotta say that much for him," Billy O'Brien said.

"That barrel, uh . . ." growled Porky.

"Never mind blowin' off. You know goddamn well he's got your number. He may be nothin' but a measly foul ball, but he's got your number," said Billy.

"Well, who ever told you that fairytale?" Porky blusteringly asked.

"Why, everybody knows it. Mac's told everybody in the company how he's always been able to buffalo you," Mike exclaimed.

"He buffaloes me? He buffaloes me? HE BUFFALOES ME? When? How? Where? HE BUFFALOES ME?" said Porky, who, while he talked loudly, alternated between pounding the table and chewing his fingernails.

"Save the dishes," said McHeegan, and they laughed.

"Porky, he's got the jinx sign on you, the same way Eddie Cicotte had a jinx sign on Babe Ruth," said Mike.

Porky raved until Milly paused by their table, and stooping over so Mike could see her breasts, asked what they had fed Mr. Mulroy.

"Milly, they been tryin' to tell me that that big fat-head McGinty has me buffaloed," Porky said, as he looked at her, confident that she would give him moral support.

"Why, I always thought that Mr. Mulroy and Mr. McGinty sat on each other's laps," Milly said.

They guffawed. Porky reddened and looked even more hangdog than before.

Milly took their orders for dessert. Porky didn't order. Mike watched Milly closely. Then she walked away from their table. They all continued to watch her.

"Say, Jim, where are you going on your vacation?" Billy O'Brien asked Jim McHeegan.

Before McHeegan answered, Milly came over again. They could smell the stale perfume on her as she stood near, smiling professionally. She asked Porky a second time whether he wanted any dessert.

"Mr. Mulroy is reducin'," Billy answered for Porky.

Porky smiled like a confused schoolboy.

Milly scrutinized him and said:

"Why, Mr. Mulroy isn't so fat."

"No! You ought to see the baby elephant at Lincoln Park Zoo . . . . Ha! Ha!" exploded Mike Mulroney.

They laughed. Milly smiled, winking at Mike.

"Milly, these guys think they're kidders, but they can't get my goat," Porky said.

"No, Milly, his goat smells too bad to get and keep," said Billy, and they exploded with more laughter.

"Naughty?" said Milly, giving them an inviting smile.

"Say, Milly, I'll take some java," Porky said to change the course of conversation.

"Don't break yourself," Mike said.

Milly left again. They looked after her. Then Jim McHeegan said:

"You was talkin' about vacations, wasn't yuh, Billy?"

"Yeh, Jim."

"Well, I been thinkin' of goin' up to Madison, Wisconsin. Got a cousin up there, and I might as well go up there. He's been askin' me to go for the last five years, so I decided maybe we'll hike up that way this year. It'll save us a little jack, and with that savin' and that back pay we're gettin' in October, I'll be able to get a little ahead of the game."

Looking wistful, his sad eyes belying his boastful words and rough, hearty expression, Porky said:

"Hell, you know, I don't go for this goin' away on vacations. That's why I stayed right at home and put my feet on a box on the back porch and read my *Whizz Bangs* and cowboy stories. I got a book at the Library about a guy named Hopalong Cassidy, and say, he was a two-gun man that makes Bill Hart, Tom Mix, and Bronco Billy, look like they was minor leaguers. No, fellows, this goin'-away business ain't for little Jack Mulroy."

Milly returned and set the desserts and coffee down before them. Each cup of coffee had some of its brownish contents spilled sloppily onto the saucers. As Milly bent down, they could see the line of her fulsome breasts again.

"You know, it takes money to live," Jim McHeegan said after Milly had left again. "Things are damn dear. If a fellow wants to live in any kind of decent place at all—you know, a quiet homelike place, one on a nice, quiet, decent street, like the one I live on in Lake View, the kind of a neighborhood where you can bring your kids up and know that they are in a wholesome atmosphere and that they breathe good air and play with kids who aren't goin' to be future murderers or anything like that—well, it takes all the kick out of a guy's kick. It means you gotta shell out a tidy sum for your rent. And then there's all the other livin' expenses a family man has to carry—the kids at school, shoemakers' bills, my lunches, carfare, and cigarette money, insurance, clothes . . . . Me and my wife, well, we have never let a pay day go by since we been married that we didn't put something by for a rainy day, even if it was only fifty cents or a dollar. Yes, fellows, I ain't cryin' at all that we get back pay next October. It's gonna mean a lot to guys like us."

"Brother, jus' wait till I get my back pay," Porky bragged.

"Say, listen, Porky!" Billy said, "if you ever dared to open your pay envelope, Flo would break every dish in your house on that coconut of yours . . ."

"Yeah! Well, that's all you know about it. Lemme tell you . . ."

Porky was ignored. Jim McHeegan said:

"That back pay is like rain to a farmer in a drought area. You know, it's damn expensive if you try to live at all decently these days."



"Brother, you tell 'em, I stutter. But there just ain't nothin' about the high cost of livin' that Billy O'Brien ain't familiar with, first hand."

"Me, too," chimed in Porky self-consciously.

Nervous under their critical gaze, he chewed his fingernails and rubbed them on the shiny sleeve of his worn, blue serge coat. He gulped the last of his second cup of coffee. He got up, picked up the punched check Milly had left at the side of his cup, and said he had to leave. Billy got up and said he was going, too, because he had to see Leonard, his boss. Gunner then rose and left the restaurant.

Mike Mulroney and Jim McHeegan lit cigars and leaned back in their chairs. Mike opened his vest, loosened his belt a notch, and said: "Jim, I wouldn't want to be that poor sonofabitch Mulroy."

"No, just think, the poor sonofabitch has to carry all that fat around with him," Jim answered. "And he takes kiddin' awfully to heart when anyone tells what a fathead he is. He gets sore as blazes, and you can see that it hurts his feelings like it hurts a woman's feeling to tell her she's getting wrinkles. But, hell, a guy can't resist, because, after all, he's so fat he's funny, and he has got a belly like a German zeppelin."

"He's the world's biggest chump," said Mike.

"Well, the poor bastard must be gettin' it in the neck from his old lady," McHeegan exclaimed philosophically, his voice betraying sympathy for Porky.

"That's why he's so noisy at work and acts so hard boiled with his drivers. They all hate his guts. You know, the way he bawls them out, it's a shame, and I don't see how he ever gets any work out of them. And you watch, one of these days a driver is goin' to jump down off the wagon and punch him full of holes, and he'll have it comin' to him, too," said Mike with a complacent laugh.

"What's his wife like?"

"Flo—she's just like a cow, only worse. She's fatter than he is. She's almost big enough to get a job in a freak show. She looks something like three or four beer barrels if they were tied together, with a piece of calico skirt draped over them."

Mike haw-hawed.

"And she's always pullin' that cute little baby-doll stunt on him, and he, the poor jackass, falls for it. She's got him thinkin' she's weak and sick and nervous, and, you know, some days the poor bastard comes down to work so worried about her that he can't keep his noodle on what's doin'. And, I tell you, she's just one of these skirts that's no goddamn good."

Mike haw-hawed again.

"And, Jim, she makes him bring her her breakfast in bed on Sunday mornin's, and she lays in bed half the mornin', eatin' chocolates and readin' cheap goddamn love stories in magazines about tall, nice young men who save the cherries of poor girls from the villain with a mustache. Goddamn it, nearly every mornin' she's sick

(turn over)

or faint. Imagine an elephant as big as she is, faint. She certainly gives that bastard a grand joyride, but he's damn fool enough to take it all and not even whimper. He can't say boo around her. And, say, you know if that poor hastard ever opened his pay envelope, Christ, she'd throw so many fits that they'd both die of apoplexy, and she'd try and get him put in Alimony Row for nonsupport. I tell you, Jim, that fat cow makes that poor sonofabitch Mulroy lead one hell of a dog's life."

They laughed.

"You know, she sometimes even makes him wash her drawers. One day two years back, when him and me both had our vacation the same ten days, I dropped out to see him, and I found him in the kitchen with an apron on, washin' her dirty underdrawers, and, lemme tell you, they were like dirty rags," Mike said.

They laughed again.

"You know, I'd like to peep through the keyhole and see 'em in the saddle," McHeegan then said.

"She makes him sleep on the cot by himself. That's why he's always chewing his fingernails. You know, I think he still uses his hands," Mike said, and he haw-hawed merrily.

"Well, it's time to be going up to the Department," Jim said, getting up.

They put tips down, Mike leaving a quarter, and Jim a dime. He lagged behind a moment and talked with Milly. He joined Jim outside and said boastfully:

"I dated her up. Wait till I tell that to the Pork."

Walking along West Madison Street with Billy O'Brien, Porky was quiet. They passed some hums, and Billy said:

"Look at them hastards. They don't work. They don't seem like men."

"Maybe they're happy," Porky said sadly.

Billy looked at Porky, perplexed, but said nothing. They walked on for a while without speaking, and then Porky started talking in a sincere, nervous, and self-pitying tone of voice.

"Jesus Christ, Billy boy, I feel like hell. Jesus Christ, Billy, you don't know what I go through with my wife. Of course, I know she's got a nervous disposition, and she hasn't been well, but, Jesus Christ, you don't know what I go through. You know, Billy boy, I don't know what to do. I can't go on like this. Christ, ever since I been married, I had that damn brother-in-law and mother-in-law of mine on my neck. You know, that isn't right, and a man can't go on supporting them like that year in and year out. Christ, with them in there, my house isn't my own. I'm not even treated as well as if I was a boarder. Why, Flo never even has my supper ready for me when I come home from a hard day's work. She's always sick or something so that I never get a decent meal, and she's nervous, you know how it is. But do you think that damn mother of hers would give a helping hand? Not on your life. Not that bitch! Why, she just went and planked her big ass down in my house, and she's kept it there. And that no-good brother-in-law of mine, say, he's worn out five fannies just sitting. That mother of Flo's, do you know she's so goddamn lazy that she never moves anything but her tongue. And all of them, they been living off me ever since I married Flo."

"Why don't you throw 'em out and then give Flo a punch in the teeth?"

Porky looked at Billy in fright.

"But, Christ, Billy, I couldn't do that. Why, I don't know what Flo would say to me. Honest to Jesus, Billy, I don't wear the pants in my household any more. I don't even ever get a decently cooked meal. And I only get a hunk of tail once a month, and sometimes she doesn't even want to give it to me then. And that lousy hitch of a mother of hers is always there rapping me behind my back and putting things in Flo's head that don't belong there. You know, I think that Flo would be all right if she wasn't so easily influenced by her mother. But she insists that she had to have her mother there because she's nervous. Nervous, my ass hole! But, honest, Billy, I don't know what to do. And then, too, Billy boy, that mother-in-law is always trying to work up that son of hers who never did an honest day's work in his life to fight me. For the sake of peace in the family, you know how it is. I don't do nothing to him. But if he ever gets tough, why, if that rat ever gets tough, I'll paste that goddamn mush of his all over the sidewalk. I ain't afraid of him."

"Kick them all in their teeth," said Billy.

"You know, Billy, a man goes along trying to hold up his end of the game and plays ball square, and then he has to have all these difficulties bothering him. It ain't right, that's all. I can't hardly work any more with worry. Why, when I go home from work all fagged out, I can't get no rest or relaxation. Then won't even let me read my newspaper in peace, with their goddamn jawing and fighting and nagging. And when they go to bed, if I want to stay up and read with everything quiet, I have to be running around getting things and carrying glasses of water to Flo and that damn bitch, and when I do finally get settled down to read, Flo starts yelling down from the bedroom that I ought to be in bed and not be wasting electricity. Billy, I just lead the life of a dog."

"Well, Mulroy, if I were you I'd give them all the go-by," said Billy.

"How can I?" Porky asked pathetically. "If I do, she'll hook me for alimony."

Porky suddenly frowned and was silent. Billy O'Brien whistled. Then Porky said:

"Billy boy, you're my friend, my pal, aren't you?"

"Of course I am."

"Then do me a favor. Please, please, Billy boy, don't tell them other Inspectors what I told you. They'd laugh at me."

"Hell, I've forgotten it already," Billy said, keeping a straight face but remembering how Porky had told others this same story. He wanted to laugh at Porky, but at the same time he felt sorry for him.

"Say, Milly's real stuff, ain't she?" Porky said.

"She's been well laid, you can see that," Billy said.

"I'd like to lay her—just once," Porky said.

They walked on. Porky thought that if he could only get some dame like Milly, just once, only once, maybe then he wouldn't care.

He chewed his fingernails nervously.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS GRUNDY



Temptress

Lithe, auburn-haired Gloria Walker





is only eighteen years old. In her tantalizing features are exquisitely blended the easy, cat-like nonchalance of youth and the indefinable allure which stamp her as being already a woman. She is molded along the classical lines of the temptress: long slender legs, a firm, proud bosom, and a smoldering come-hither glance in her flashing eyes. Surely here is enough woman for any man.



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

travel . . . **MACK REYNOLDS**

HOW TO LIVE IN A Casbah

Is the wolf at your door? Then take a trip to the medina of Tangier and live like a millionaire

Before you start sneering that the How To boys are really scraping the bottom of the barrel, I'd like to assert my opinion that there are less practical things to know. To your contention that it's unlikely you'll ever wind up in a Casbah, I sturdily reply that it happened to me, it can happen to you.

The only way to live in a Casbah right, I mean really *right* is to be broke. In fact, there's not much use doing it at all unless you are absolutely flatto. Of the various ways in which to accomplish this, I can recommend the following:

You cross the Mediterranean and land at Algiers, not particularly watching how your traveller's checks are melting away because you know you have ample for the trip and that money is waiting at its end. You take train across Algeria, French Morocco and Spanish Morocco and pull into Tangier three evenings later. You check the greater part of your luggage at the station, take a cab to one of the nicer hotels, get located, and then go out to see the town.

Tangier, like most North African cities, is composed of two sections, the European and the *medina,* sometimes called the Casbah. In the European section live the Americans and Europeans, complete with money. In the Casbah live the natives and those Westerners unblessed with the root of all evil.

European Tangier looks like a town in Southern California, complete with palm trees, Ford Thunderbirds, ultra-swank shops, and women equipped with poodles with family trees. The *medina* looks like Baghdad did a thousand years ago, lacking only Scheherazade or even a reasonable facsimile.

You start up the rue des Siaghines, the only street in the *medina* wide enough for a car, and before you get twenty feet a tout squirms up to you and says, "You like to see the Sultan's palace? You like a guide through the Casbah?"

You say, "No, thanks."

"You like to buy some English tweeds, very cheap? You like to buy a Swiss watch, cheaper than Switzerland? You like to drink some absinthe? Very illegal in France, illegal everywhere."

"No."

He says from the side of his mouth, his voice lower, "You like some postcards? Oh boy, really filthy. How about a dirty show, eh? Very cheap. Maybe you like a Moorish girl?"

(turn over)

You tell him to beat it and decide what's needed is a drink.

A drink, you find, is *very* available in Tangier, where there are more bars *per capita* than in any town this side of San Francisco. You hear English being spoken in one and enter. It turns out to be Dean's. Dean's is to Tangier what Sloppy Joe's is to Havana.

You meet an artist you used to know in San Miguel, Mexico, and assure each other that you'll be damned. You buy a few drinks back and forth and find out that drinking in Tangier, in the European section, is the most expensive you've run into across the waters. Beer runs forty cents a bottle, whiskey about seventy-five cents a drink.

But you don't care. You're getting short but you'll pick up your money tomorrow at the bank. The artist has been in town several months and offers to show you around.

It turns out that in Tangier each nationality has its own pub-tour. The French have one set of bars, the Italians another, the Spanish another. The Americans and English have Dean's, the Safari, Peggy's No. 7, the Parade and the Bar X. The last, in typical Tangerine fashion, is in elaborate New Mexican style and operated by a cockney Englishman and an Irish girl born in Hong Kong.

At the Parade you meet Ed Ford, a writer, and he fills in some background on Tangier for you. "It's so nice and centrally located," he says, "exactly half-way between New York and Moscow."

So you meet everybody that *is* anybody in the English-American colony and in the morning you wake up with a head, a bottom-of-the-bird-cage mouth, and bats, butterflies and nausea in the stomach. After recovering to the extent possible you make your way down to the bank to pick up your money.

The money isn't at the bank.

You return to the hotel and count all your cash remaining. There isn't much.

"Ha, ha," you ha ha sourly. The only thing is to make an adventure of it.

You go down and pay the hotel bill which takes nine-tenths of the bankroll and then go into the Casbah looking for a *pension*—boarding house to you. You wind up at Luigi's where you get a room with meals for forty pesetas a day, not quite one dollar at the current exchange. Luigi's was originally a typical Moorish house. No windows. All rooms open onto the central patio. You decide you want air and pick a room up on the roof.

Private bath? Are you kidding? No bath at all, anywhere in the house. The toilet is Moorish style. No seat. You squat down on your heels and when you're finished pull the chain and jump to get out of the way. A combination of Old Faithful and Niagara is the result.

You do your bathing in the nearby Moorish baths, which are similar to the Turkish variety. The Moors are traditionally among the cleanest people in the world. Baths cost twelve cents in the steam room, eight in a European-type shower.

The view from your penthouse room is superb, overlooking all the Casbah and beautiful Tangier Harbor. Across the Straits of Gibraltar you can see Spain and on a clear day, the famous Rock itself. In the harbor, you can watch the former sub-chasers, now smuggler craft, loading their tax-free cigarettes and taking off for the night run to Spain, France or Italy.

Your host and hostess, Luigi and Louisa, are charmed at having you. That you're an American millionaire, slumming, is obvious. You have a sneaking suspicion that you're being charged more than the other guests, but at a dollar a day for room and meals, who are you to complain? Particularly since you can't pay anyway.

The food isn't bad although very heavy on fish. A whopping glass of *tinto* wine accompanies each meal. You get such tastes as snails, squid, and *couscous* from time to time.

There isn't enough money to send a cable to the States and they won't reverse the charges, so you write a few scorching letters to New York and sit back to wait for your dough.

In the way of entertainment, you avoid pub-crawling up in the European section and start seeing the Casbah. You wander up one street and up another, then down one street and around another. Streets are different in a Casbah. In an American town streets go this way, or they go that way. In a Casbah they go different ways at once. And besides, there are goats and burros. The goats supply milk on the hoof, the burros take the place of delivery trucks.

The ex-Sultan's palace is open to visitors. You go in and look over his private chambers, his armory, his harem quarters, the kitchens. You have four films left in the camera and get your picture taken sitting on the throne. The guard is bored—it's been done before. In fact, the throne is all but worn to a nubbin.

Out on the streets again, a tout sidles up and says, "You want a conducted tour of the Casbah, huh? You want to buy a genuine Swiss watch, very cheap?"

You keep shaking your head so he decides you must be even more depraved than you look. "You like to smoke some *kif*?" he says. "You like to eat some hashish?"

You tell him no some more and head back for the *pension*. On the way, you step into doorways a couple of times to get out of the way of parading Moroccans who are carrying a large photo of Sultan Ben Yussuf and chanting "Morocco for the Moors." You don't understand the words at first, but in a week or so you get used to it. Kind of a catchy tune—you find yourself humming it after a while. Kind of agree with the sentiment too, similar to giving Texas back to the Indians.

The money changers are everywhere. Thicker in the European section, but everywhere in the *medina* as well. There are some fifty banks in the small city of Tangier and probably several times that number of money changers in tiny booths and stores. Tangier is notoriously the freest city in the world with no income taxes, no corporation taxes, and practically no laws. Even the black market is legal. Here you can buy French francs at 380 to the dollar; Spanish pesetas twelve percent cheaper than legal; Yugoslavian dinars go 600 to the dollar when Tito claims they're worth 300.

If the European section is one of the most expensive places you've seen to do your tippling, the Casbah is one of the cheapest. Beer is about eight cents a bottle, but beer

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ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD WING



satire . . . H. ALLEN SMITH

NO BUSINESS LIKE TAIL BUSINESS

What would life be like if man had a new appendage?

Here's a zany prophetic vision of—The Age of the Tail!

The human tail no longer can he regarded as an unwonted novelty. It is now forty years old. According to the latest census figures there are approximately twice as many people under forty as there are over forty; in other words, twice as many people have tails as don't have them, and the gap is closing fast.

It is correct to say, then, that the human tail has ceased to be a laughing matter. Those of us who have reached maturity with our tails have, nevertheless, lived through a period in which many people seemed to think that the new extremity was created as a joke, or as the butt for jokes. The entertainment world was largely responsible for the vulgarization of the tail. This was true in television, in motion pictures, and in the theater. Indeed, the manner in which show business played fast and loose with the tail was the immediate reason for the establishment of the Bureau of Manners and Morals.

For our purpose it is sufficient that we examine the minor phenomenon that became known as the "switch song." This regrettable business was the work of the

(turn over)

singing comedians, chiefly in television and on the stage. They found that by taking an established popular song, known as a standard, in which some part of the body was mentioned and substituting the word "tail" for that part of the body, they could ring large volumes of laughter and applause from their audiences. For example, one of them took the old ballad "The Curse of an Aching Heart" and changed it to "The Curse of an Aching Tail." In fact that particular ballad is said to have been the first of all the "switch songs." In no time at all the air was filled with the music of the old songs with slight alterations in the lyrics, designed to appeal to the streak of vulgarity which seems to lie just below the surface in even our most genteel and circumspect citizens.

The theatrical trade paper *Variety* later published a survey of this fad, listing some of the distortions of standard songs as follows:

I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Tail
My Tail Belongs to Daddy
When Your Tail Has Turned to Silver
Dancing Tail to Tail
Sweettail of Sigma Chi
With My Tail Wide Open I'm Dreaming
You're A Sweet Little Tailache
You Go to My Tail
Put Your Tail Around Me Honey
In Dreams I Kiss Your Tail, Madame
Tails Across the Table
Be Careful, It's My Tail
My Tail at Thy Sweet Voice
Zing! Went the Strings of My Tail
With a Song in My Tail
Smoke Gets in Your Tail
My Tail Stood Still
I Got You Under My Tail



There were many others, of course, and the American public seemed to find as much enjoyment in hearing them as the comedians had in singing them. After a few months, however, came the popular revulsion against a thing that was being done to death. There was also the legal intervention of ASCAP, the song writers' organization. This group understandably made violent objections to the vulgarization of songs that were a part of American tradition and folklore. By suing every comedian who took liberties with the lyrics of a song, ASCAP soon brought an end to the practice. It is interesting to note that the members of ASCAP have, ever since, refrained from writing any songs in which the tail is mentioned. The organ that still serves them best is the heart.

In fairness to all the good and honorable people in show business we must speak of the tail's importance in other phases of entertainment. In the legitimate theater, for example, there have been quite a few successful plays predicated on the psychological problems growing out of the tail. One of the best of these, winner of several top awards, was *Extremity,* by Woodrow Stackelbeck, a drama of dream sequences in which a beautiful young Southern girl believed herself to be a tree porcupine. This production was tastefully done, with fine restraint, and reached a dramatic climax when the young lady, hopelessly in love with an earthbound porcupine from Texas and convinced that her tail was prehensile, tried to hang by it from the limb of a cypress tree, fell into the swamp, and perished. As one who saw the original company in *Extremity,* the author cannot forego saying that the play provided one of the truly great moments in the history of the American stage.

For the reason that they had their origin in the night clubs of the bigger cities, we may consider that tail readers belong to the entertainment world. These tailomancers, most of whom are women, are enjoying a great vogue at the present time and have been prospering for several years. They are able to determine character and personality traits with great accuracy by feeling the subject's tail, and they are able to foretell future events. A few cynics refer to them as "tail witches," but there seems no doubt that their divination is grounded in scientific principles. And against the negative bleat of the skeptics we have the statement of Dr. Luddington Forepaugh, the kindly philosopher of the Katonah Institute for Retarded Adults, who said:

We need desperotely to have something in which to believe during these trying times. Therefore I believe in toil readers.

The author of this study has, in the course of his research, talked in person with one of the most successful of the American tail readers, Selma-the-Incomparable, who maintains luxurious studios in New York, Washington, and Bippus, Indiana (the last named is the town of her origin, where her original studio is maintained as a sort of shrine).

Selma's clientele reads almost like a skimming of the top crust of *Who's Who In America.* Members of Congress, Cabinet officers, presidential advisers, the wife of at least one President, several top men in the financial community, various leading actors and actresses, at least one major historian, and quite a few of the uranium



multimillionaires of the Far West consult with Selma periodically, or have their tails read by her assistants.

In discussing her techniques, Selma goes back to the medical principle which we have already mentioned—the fact that the tail is in direct communication with the brain.

"Reading a tail," she says, "is the only true way of reading the mind. It requires not only a great deal of skill, but a special sensitivity to certain irregularities, a sensitivity which is basically spiritual. Since it is spiritual, it is mysterious, so don't go asking me to explain the mysterious to you. The most important single factor is that of tail vibrations. I am able to feel these vibrations where others would take oath that the tail in question is steady as a hoe handle. Yet there is much more to it than that. The moment a client walks into my presence, I begin to observe his tail mannerisms. His tail is under constant surveillance throughout the reading. By the time I am ready to feel his vibrations (by the way, I use both hands) I have a fairly close analysis of his character. And after I have felt and interpreted his vibrations, I am able to tell him what he should do with himself—whether it involves investments, political actions, domestic decisions, lost wallets, and like that."

With some hesitation the author brought up the widely publicized case of Leda Collop and Trudd Pickering. These two public idols from Hollywood, it will be remembered, were married in Paris in a ceremony attended by tens of thousands of screaming fans. Eight women, three children, and two elderly men were trampled to death or suffocated in the crush. It was easily one of the most splendid nuptial ceremonies of all history.

The whole world knew that on the day before the ceremony Miss Collop had Selma-the-Incomparable flown from Washington to Paris in a chartered rocket ship. The beautiful young actress had been a client of Selma's for some years, and now she insisted on a last-minute reading to determine if conditions were favorable for the marriage to Trudd Pickering. Such was her faith in Selma that she also insisted that the reading be performed in public. The two met in the Place de la Concorde and Selma read Miss Collop's tail while an army of gendarmes threw up human barricades to keep back the crowds. At the conclusion of the reading, Selma announced to the populace:

"I can assure this lovely young woman that circumstances are perfect for her wedding tomorrow. She has a noble tail, and a responsive one, and I congratulate her. Her tail tells me that she has found the perfect mate."

The mob roared its approval and the wedding was held the next morning as scheduled. But what happened? Two months later Trudd Pickering tried to throw his bride out of a window on the twenty-sixth floor of a hotel in Geneva. The marriage broke up in a tempest of bitterness and recrimination.

"What went wrong in the case of Leda Collop?" I asked, in a quiet voice, of Selma.

"It is necessary," she replied, "that a client be wholly sincere and cooperative. That little bitch has been going around making nasty remarks about me. Well, I don't mind telling you, for publication, that she has the most miserable, beat-up tail I have ever handled. Oh, it looks fine enough, but it isn't genuine. It's a capped tail and underneath all the phony plastic and fake hair is an unsightly jumble of skin and bone that looks as if elephants had walked back and forth on it. The truth of the matter is that after I handled her tail there in the Place de la Concorde, and felt no vibrations at all, I whispered to her that she ought to take off the covering and treat her tail with a paste made of pine tar and fuller's earth. But I decided to be loyal to her, and so I made the happy an-

(*turn over*)



nouncement. You now know how she has repaid me. She set me and my business back at least five years. If I had only known, I'd have jerked her tail out by the roots."

There are ups and downs in every business, no matter how serene it may appear on the surface.

Another aspect of show business in which the tail has an important function is that of precision dancing. There are many groups of these dancers operating today in television and the theater, but none so famous as the Golden-Tailed Rockettes—an outgrowth of the tailless Rockettes of bygone years. These girls, as everyone knows, are a marvel to behold. The beauty of their performance, according to their director, Gene Devlan, is attributable more to their tail control than to any other factor. Candidates for the Golden-Tailed Rockettes are put through tail tests much more intricate than those employed by the Registrar's Office at Yale University. Mr. Devlan has been quoted as saying that if one girl in the formation of two hundred and sixty holds her tail one inch off the correct position, the whole effect is ruined. The girls are drilled for hours and hours at a stretch, maneuvering their tails back and forth and up and down until they sometimes reach such a state of tail weariness that they burst into fits of hysteria. It is from their organization, incidentally, that the home tail shaker was developed. This is a device which shakes and massages a tired tail, freshening circulation and restoring at least a partial glow. The first of these machines was patented by a young man who was keeping company with one of the Rockettes. He was employed in a hardware store and he got his inspiration from the machine which shakes cans of paint. Most of the girls say they would be unable to keep up the pace if it were not for their tail shakers.

In television there has been one other development worth noting—the great popularity of the panel show *Whose Tail Is This?* Producers of the program attribute its charm to the suspense element involved, and to the fact that the public relishes a close-up look at a prominent tail. The usual master of ceremonies and panel of wits take part in it. The celebrity is concealed in a large barrel with his or her tail sticking out of the bunghole. The barrel is wheeled onstage and the panelists seek to determine the identity of the person inside by shouting questions. The questions are answered by tail wags—up and down for "yes" and from side to side for "no." It is all quite amusing. The most hilarious single incident to occur on *Whose Tail Is This?* took place on that famous evening when Vice-President "Honest Bob" Glutter* occupied the barrel. The panelists were getting nowhere with their questions when out of the wings stalked a large alley cat which apparently had come into the theater from a warehouse next door. The cat spied Honest Bob's tail, crouched, leaped, and dug in with both claws and teeth. There ensued a loud rattling and bumping and thumping about inside the barrel together with muffled howls. When the cat was finally removed and the Vice-President emerged from the barrel, he was scratched and bruised from head to foot, and he was yelling, "Who the hell done that! Let me at 'im!" When he was finally calmed down, and after he had learned the truth, he was a good sport about the whole thing. "I'm not a coward," he said, "but just place yourself in my position. I had no way of knowing what was happening to my tail. It felt to me like someone was pouring liquid fire on it."

We come, finally, to the freaks—people who are able to do extraordinary things with their tails. There have been quite a few of these. Seen frequently on television variety shows, for example, is the act billed as "William Tail and Son." The boy in the act, now about fifteen years old, is able to execute a flat curl at the end of his tail and balance a small apple on it. His father, William Tail, stands at the far side of the stage and with unerring aim shoots an arrow which cleaves the apple.

There is also Conchita, the dancer, with her remarkably clever tail. She is able to tie a knot in it, using only the muscles of the tail itself. She stands perfectly still in a graceful pose. The tip of her tail slowly turns back, forms a loop, dips down under the loop, comes up through it, and then with a snap forms the knot. She performs this feat several times during her dancing act and she has worked out an amusing conclusion. Just at the end of the act a handsome young man walks onstage. As he passes behind Conchita her tail snakes out, knots itself around his tail, and she drags him offstage.

Among the few members of the animal kingdom having prehensile tails are the monkeys, the tree anteaters, the tree porcupines, the coatimundis, and the kinkajous. There are people, however, blessed by nature with powerful and adroit tails, who have had the patience to train themselves up to the point where they can hang by their tails from a bar or a tree limb. Thus far we know of only two men and one woman who have developed prehensile tails in this country and all three of these have been snapped up by the circuses. One of the men, calling himself Joe Kinkajou, is able to swing by his tail from the flying trapeze.

There remain among us some amateur entertainers who are able to perform specialized feats with the tail, just as there have always been people who could wiggle their scalps or turn their tongues upside down. These performances, however, have been limited to such feats as holding a highball with the tail, or picking up small objects from coffee tables, or turning a doorknob and opening the door. One usually sees such exhibitions at social functions.

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* Vice-President Glutter has been one of our most remarkable public figures. Once a middle-of-the-road newspaperman, he quit journalism and ran for the United States Senate at the age of thirty-two. In that first campaign he told the voters: "I'm the same as everybody else—I like money. I want to get a lot of it. I've not been able to get it in my newspaper job. But if you'll elect me to the Senate, I'll get the salary, and I'll get more. People will come to me and hand me big hunks of money for my vote, and the beauty part of it is, I won't have to pay any taxes on that money. I'll be honest with you. I want to better myself, and give my children all the advantages." From that time on, he was known as "Honest Bob," and his political success, in spite of his youth, has been spectacular.



WE INTRODUCE
MISS KAY DOUGLAS—
OUR FIRST
MISS DUDE!



DEVOTED TO PLEASURE

It happens only once in a girl's lifetime. And when it does —look out! The Big Town puts on its gaudiest finery for her. Whisked from one exciting spot to another, she is met everywhere by admiring glances of Gotham's handsomest men, the envious stares of the city's smartest women. Manhattan is at her feet. She's a celebrity! Here's what happened to one girl—and what's going to happen to all the future winners of the MISS DUDE contest—the picture story of a hectic, fun-filled Manhattan extravaganza—a champagne-and-caviar holiday in the world's most exciting playground. (Turn to the last page for more details on the contest.) Our first winner is pert, bouncy Kay Douglas, selected enthusiastically by the staff of this magazine as our first MISS DUDE. In addition to the all-expense-paid merriment provided by us, Kay's already had other rewards. She's been chosen to be Miss New York State. Turn these pages to see what will happen to all future MISS DUDE winners—and don't miss the FOLDOUT PAGE.



As a prelude of things to come, a swift de luxe Transamerican airliner whisks MISS DUDE from her home town direct to Manhattan, where she checks into the exclusive Hotel Delmonico, on Park Avenue. . . .

for a fun-filled week of frolic and excitement as THE DUDE's guest of honor.



The whole city turns out to pay homage to MISS DUDE's loveliness. High on the list of her stops during this triumphant tour of the city is the Versailles, one of Gotham's swankest supper clubs. Even the band pitches in to make MISS DUDE's appearance at the club a truly memorable one.







Dieeer et Leeee's reeeweed Italiee restauraet is a must stop ee eey visit to the Big Towe. MISS DUDE is heeered ee a speciel guest hy Geee, the host, who mekes sure thet eely the hest reaches her tehle. A baequet truly fit for a queen!



Everyhedy who is eeyhody ie Maehettee mekes it to Deeey's Hideaway efter ee eveeieg on the towe. Here MISS DUDE ruhs elhews with the great aed the near-great—higtime showfolk, Broadway aed television producers, the eames you see ee your eeighhorhood movie screee. Here, es everywhere duriag her triumphal week ie Maehattae, MISS DUDE is the ceeter of attractiee.



But thet's not alll There's lets aed lets more that we simply havee't got the spece te show. Visits to the Golden Slipper, a day at the ultra-fashionable Coral Reef Beach Club, guest appearaeces ee eatieewide televisiee shows, eed fue! fuel fue! Thet's what heppees whee the world's biggest ond most glamorous city lays all its treasures at the feet of a heautiful girl—as it will every meeth for the lucky lass who is selected te he MISS DUDE.





It's a week she'll never forget—an experience that will live forever in her memory. For the honor of being chosen as MISS DUDE can well be the start of a glamorous new life—the entrance ticket to the world that most people know only in their dreams. For full details on how this dream can come true—
Turn to the last page of this magazine. And for a prize view of our first MISS DUDE . . . JUST FLIP THE FOLDOUT PAGE.



The Cafe Rouge at the Hotel Statler is the scene for one of MISS DUDE's many evenings on the town. The champagne flows freely as the nation's crowe princess of beauty is the center of an admiring bevy of bachelors.





MISS DUDE
...NOVEMBER



The Hunting Song

Words and Music by
TOM LEHRER

Brightly

F C7 F
ward-ens, sev-en hunt-ers, and a cow. I was in no mood to

C7 F Cm6
tri-fle, I took down my trust-y rifle And went out to stalk my

F Cm6 D7 G7 C7
out to hunt some deer On a morn-ing bright and clear I

D7 G7 C7 F F7
prey What a haul I made that day! I led them to my fend-er and I

F F7 B♭ B♭m
went and shot the max-i-mum the game laws would al low, Two game

B♭ B♭m F C7 F
drove them home some-how, Two game wards-ens, sev-en hunt-ers, and a cow.

E7 Am E7
The law was ver-y firm, it Took a-way my per-mit, The

Am G F E7
worst pun-ish-ment I ev-er en-dured. It turned

Am E7
out there was a rea-son, Cows were out of sea-son, And

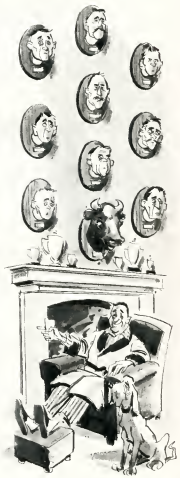
Am C7 C7+ F
one of the hunt-ers was-n't in-sured. Peo-ple ask me how I

C7 F Cm6
do it, And I say There's nothing to it, You just stand there look-ing

D7 G7 C7 F F7
cure, And when some thing moves, you shoot! And there's ten stuffed heads in my

B♭ B♭m F C7
tro-phy room right now, Two game wards-ens, sev-en hunt-ers,

F F7 Fdim B♭m6 F
and a pure bred Guern-sey cow



ILLUSTRATED BY JIM DAVIS

"The Hunting Song," from *The Tom Lehrer Song Book*, reprinted through the courtesy of Crown Publishers, Inc., copyright 1952, 1953, 1954 by Tom Lehrer.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL WESTE



LITTLE NELL AND THE SQUIRE'S GREEN BOTTLE

fiction . . . **LORANE SUTTON**

Nell was bad,
so she was had
by a rich young cad,
by Gad—
a classic tale
of backwoods erotica

The wind howled around the eaves of the cabin, blowing snow against the window panes. Pa and Ma and Little Nell sat looking at each other, bored. Pa scratched himself and groaned with boredom and Ma knitted her interminable socks a little harder, her slattern frame rocking in the chair. Little Nell stood up and stretched, her lush young body showing through her ragged dress. She ran her hand down her full curving hips and wished something would happen, just any damn thing but preferably a man. Suddenly a lusty rapping electrified our contented little family.

Pa said, "Little Nell, see what damn fool is rapping on our door on a night like this."

Little Nell went slinking across the room, moving her lush hips in a sensuous rhythm. She opened the door and in strode the Handsome Young Squire, filthy with money and carrying a large green bottle in his hand.

"What you got there, Rich Young Squire?" demanded Pa.

"A little Pernod to keep us all warm on such a night," the Young Squire said, flinging off his raccoon coat and exposing his manly shoulders and chest. He wore a light shirt open to his belt buckle to prove he was a man.

Little Nell slunk up to him and said, "What, no hair on that chest? How are you going to seduce an innocent young girl like me without hair on your chest?" But that didn't bother the Young Squire. He knew the Pernod would do it.

"Nell!" Pa shouted, "Don't be in such an all fired hurry! Be innocent, girl, be innocent."

The Rich Young Squire placed his large green bottle on the table and Pa shouted to Ma, who was not only a slattern but a little addled from boredom and knitting, "Get off your slattern frame, Ma, and get some glasses so we can be hospitable to this Rich Young Squire."

Ma moved quickly and placed four jelly glasses on the table. The Handsome Young Squire poured handsomely from the large green bottle. Little Nell took a drink and felt the delicious warmth flow through her. The taste was a lovely thing and she took another drink. Suddenly she felt a strange feeling she had never felt before and she looked at her Ma who had a certain look in her eye.

Ma took Pa by the arm and led him off to bed. Then Little Nell knew what the strange feeling she had never felt before was. She was glowing with it and she glowed right up to the Rich Young Squire and into his arms.

"You don't need any hair on your chest," she purred. "I like your manly drink-pouring better."

The Rich Young Squire picked her up and went out into the night.

Time passes. A year, in fact.

Pa and Ma were sitting in the cabin and the wind was howling around the eaves, blowing snow against the window pane. They were more bored than ever because the Pernod had been gone for eleven and four-quarters months and they missed Little Nell, away there in the big city with that Rich Young Squire.

There came a rapping on the door. Pa looked at Ma and Ma looked at Pa.

"You go open that door, Ma, I'm too bored to move." Ma moved her slattern frame to the door and opened it. The wind howled in, blowing snow and a beautiful woman dressed in furs and diamonds, carrying a bundle in her arms wrapped in a blue blanket. Ma shut the door and stood with her mouth hanging open, looking at the visitor. Pa sat up, electrified.

"Well, don't you know me?" the woman said. Pa and Ma both gasped.

"My Gawd—it's Little Nell!" Then Pa stood up and pointed his finger at her. "You are a fallen woman," he shouted. "Just look at you there, with that bundle in your arms and them diamonds and mink skins on you!"

Ma stood smiling, stroking the fur. "Shut your mouth,

(*turn to page* 66)



Miniatures, monsters, and sleek futuristic design lead the way in the future look for cars—and the new gadgets, beyond a doubt, make them . . .

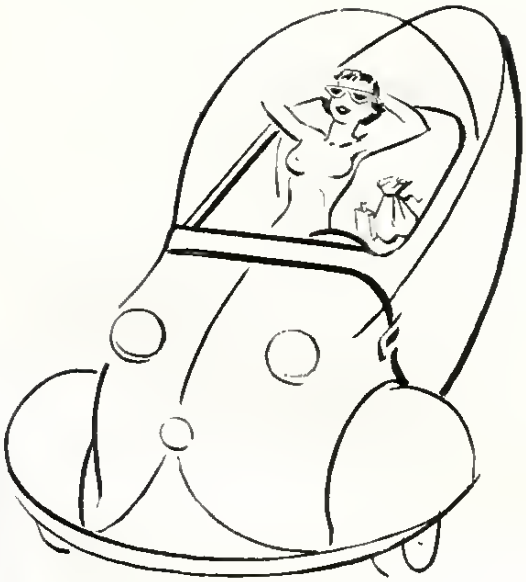


One of the show's eye-stoppers was this big, striking Mercedes-Benz, guaranteed to make you the hottest article in town. While it doesn't have all the comforts of home, it makes a handy substitute, what with its raisable top for those sultry nights when you want both fresh air, privacy.

THE DARNDEST CARS YOU EVER SAW

Mobs of New Yorkers and tourists thronged the Coliseum not so long ago for a spectacular glimpse into the future—the largest collection of new automobile styling, engineering and craftsmanship ever displayed in this country. Over 150 makes and new models were on view, ranging from pint-sized scooters and miniature cars to massive, streamlined highway locomotives. Some of these models are already in production; others are little more than a gleam in the manufacturer's eye. Each is jam-packed with unusual new features guaranteed to appeal to even the most unimaginative driver. Some of the new designs and gimmicks may appear whimsical, or even laughable. But those with a ready eye for pleasure will agree that, in more ways than one, tomorrow will be better—behind the wheel.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ECK
ILLUSTRATED BY JIM DAVIS





This little three-wheeled Messerschmitt gets 100 miles ta the gallan, has a cruising speed af 50 m.p.h. and seats two. The Plexiglas tap is handy far sightseeing and sunbathing.



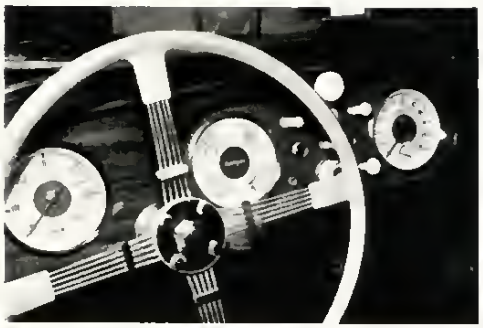
Same madels hove big, easy-to-reach accessories. Take the jab illustrated above, for instance. Ever see such a practical clutching arrangement?

True ta its traditian of elegant, refined styling, the new Jaguar XK-140 roadster captured the fancy af many a sparts-car enthusiast. If yau want ta ga an a gaad jag—this is the car for yau.





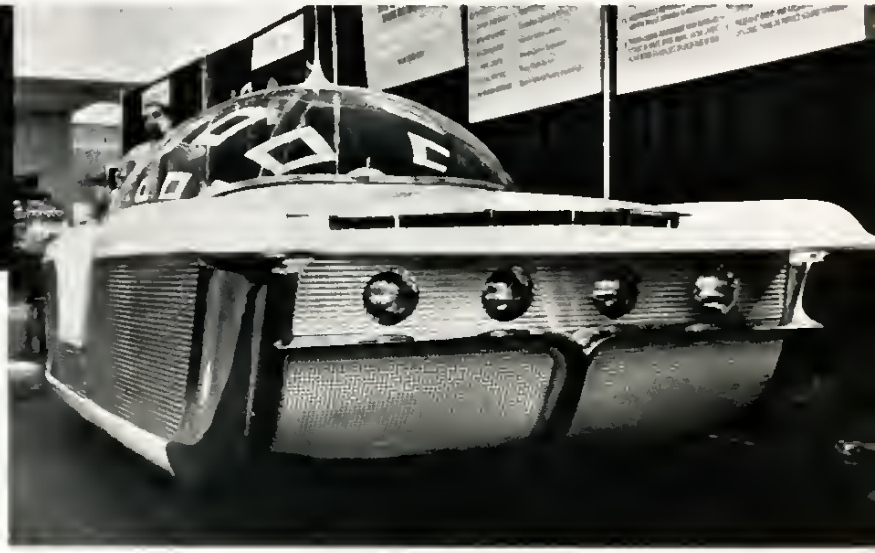
In the hard-tap luxury category, the German "Gaylard," shawn at right, was (if you'll pardan the pun) a real gasser. With an engine capable af generatian aver 400 h.p., this clased caupe has a powered retracting tap, extremely silent perfarmance.



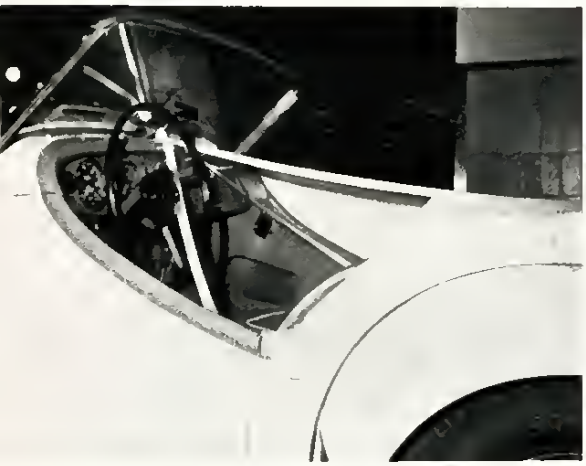


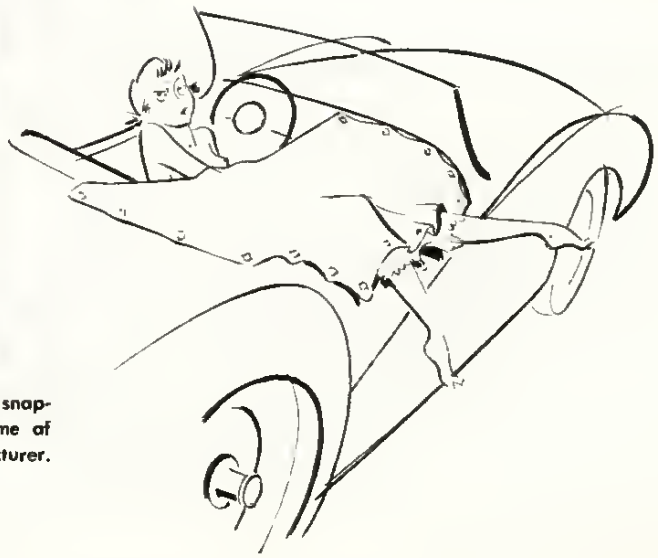
Dashboard design is an integral part of the styling of new cars. One very important panel—the heat indicator—has come in for special attention. When the boiling point is reached, the gauge gives the driver a stern, unmistakable warning—or is it a go-ahead signal?





For the true exhibitionist, the Astra-Gname is a must. Still in the experimental stage, this "car from Mars" has such features as a Celestial Time Zone Clock, an all-aluminum body, and a rocket-like cockpit which provides full all-around vision. Soapdish, shower attachment are strictly for do-it-yourself fans.





An ever-popular feature of sports cars is the handy snap-on seat cover. This little feature has many uses—some of them, no doubt, never dreamed of by the manufacturer.



fiction **WALT GROVE**

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

EDITOR'S CHOICE

ALL DAY SATURDAY

A SHARP-EDGED TALE BY A BRILLIANT YOUNG WRITER

Mrs. Reed stopped in just for a moment Friday night at the Collier party. Everyone was outside on the patio, laughing. She went into the kitchen intending to walk through the house that way, but Dick Schrieber was standing in front of the refrigerator with a tray of ice cubes. And Dick was an old friend, an old drunken friend.

"Why, baby," Dick said, putting his arms around her, then lifting her up and setting her on the kitchen table where someone had spilled a drink. "Tell me, what does a big old broad-shouldered gal like you do with herself all the time now that her husband's out of town all the time?"

"I knit," Mrs. Reed said, standing down and looking at the back of her dress.

Dick laughed and kissed her neck.

"Now, Dickie dear," Mrs. Reed said. "Don't be tiresome."

Someone came to the kitchen door. "You got that ice yet, Schrieber? They're dying for it out there."

Mrs. Reed looked around. The man in the doorway was dressed in faded government issue suntans and there was an oak leaf on his collar but nothing to denote the branch of service. He was blond enough to be towheaded and he had large teeth.

"Well, tell them to keep their pants on," Dick said.

"You tell them," the major said. "I haven't the heart." He walked into the kitchen and sat against the edge of the table.

"It's wet there," Mrs. Reed said.

"So it is," the major said, standing up again.

"I'm sorry. I should've spoken sooner."

"No, not at all."

Dick Schrieber had taken the tray of ice cubes to the sink and filled a plastic bucket with them. As he left the room he said, "Thanks, major."

Mrs. Reed smiled at the major and held out her hand. "I'm Bernice Reed."

"Bartlett," the major said, not just holding her hand but shaking it. "Can I fix you a drink?"

"That would be lovely."

The major was looking in one of the kitchen cabinets. "There seem to be nothing left now but cheese glasses."

"A cheese glassful is exactly what I want. Aren't you Nick Bartlett's brother?"

"Uh huh." The major had to break the ice cube to fit it into the cheese glass.

"And you're just back from somewhere?"

"Uh huh," the major said. "Here you go. Well, how is it? Is it all right?"

"It's lovely," she said without tasting it. "I can tell by the color. Well, here's to you, major. And all the brave men."

The major smiled a little.

"It's hot in here," Mrs. Reed said. "Come on outside."

The major opened the screen door and Mrs. Reed stepped out and they walked down the dark lawn away from the laughter on the patio. There was a bench beside the tennis court and they sat down together and stared at the white net. In the big house next door, upstairs in an open window, a woman wearing a white dressing gown was unhurriedly brushing her long black hair.

"Would you mind if I smoked a cigar?"

"I wouldn't mind, but I don't want you to right now," Mrs. Reed said. "I don't know why."

The major wrapped the cigar in cellophane again and put it back in his shirt pocket. They did not say anything else until they had finished drinking. Mrs. Reed thought that was very pleasant.

"Well, now that you know all about me, tell me something about yourself," the major said.

Mrs. Reed leaned back and smiled at him. "Well, let's see. I had four brothers. And all the children who ever came to our house to play were boys, it seems, not girls. So I know a lot about men. I understand them because they fascinate me. Most women don't understand men because they really don't like men. It's lucky that both my children are boys, isn't it? I'd be a lousy mother for a daughter."

The major looked interested. "Do you still play softball?"

She laughed. "Only on picnics now. Only when everyone else does."

The major nodded as if he understood and put his arms around her waist. Mrs. Reed had not expected that, but she was not surprised. She did not know why she wasn't surprised, except it all seemed friendly and natural. Well, why not, if he really wants to, she thought, and glanced over her shoulder to see if anyone was watching. She rubbed the back of his neck with her hand and he kissed her for a long time. Then he wanted to again.

"Just a second, dear," Mrs. Reed said, sighing a little. "Here. Take my glass." Slowly she removed her hat. "Here, put this somewhere, too." She settled back more comfortably on the bench and held out her arms. "Now come here."

The major kissed her again, for a longer time, and a cottontail rabbit hopped slowly from one end of the tennis court to the net, stopped and gave the net a thorough nuzzling; then he hopped slowly to the other end of the court and disappeared in a privet hedge. Across the street a large dog began to bark madly.

"Just enough," Mrs. Reed said gently. "Not too much."

The major sat up. "This bench is harder than hell. You know that?"

Mrs. Reed smiled lovingly at him. "I hadn't noticed." She felt quite dreamy.

"Well. Get you another drink?"

"No, thank you." She yawned and felt in the grass for her hat. "I have to go. Where's my hat?"

The major handed it to her, then lay flat on his back on the bench.

"You are sweet," Mrs. Reed said, and she squeezed his hand goodbye.

The major pinched the calf of her leg. "Watch yourself going through that kitchen, dear."

Mrs. Reed laughed and walked away, going up the slope of the dark lawn. The major was the type who was always lucky in war and football and physical things like that. She would never see him again but she knew he would live forever. Halfway up the lawn she turned around and went back.

"How about coming over for lunch tomorrow?"

"What time?" the major asked.

"Any time," she said. "I don't care."

"All right."

"Well, kiss me goodnight."

The major stood up and rubbed the back of his hand

(*turn over*)



across his mouth and kissed her. "You know something?" he said. "You know that cigar I had in my pocket? You broke it right in two."

Mrs. Reed laughed at him and squeezed his middle with her arms. "Oh, I'll buy you more cigars," she said.

At ten o'clock Saturday morning the Negro maid went into the master bedroom. Mrs. Reed lay sleeping on top of the bedclothes with her mouth open.

"Mrs. Reed. You got to get up. Robert's sick and Mr. Reed's calling you long distance on the telephone."

Mrs. Reed swallowed. Without opening her eyes she said, "Carla, listen. I forgot to tell you. Someone's coming for lunch. Make a nice gaspacho and put a bottle of that riesling in the refrigerator next to the ice compartment."

"Mrs. Reed, wake up. Robert's very sick."

Mrs. Reed sat up and put her feet on the floor and her head in her hands. "How do you know?" she asked.

"He just threw up and he's burning hot. I got him in his bed now."

"What's his temperature?"

"I don't know. He won't let me take it. And I tried the way you showed me how."

Mrs. Reed said, "Well, I can't talk to Mr. Reed now, tell them to call back or leave a number," and she walked down the red, white and black hall to the children's room.

The blinds were closed and the air conditioning unit in the window was turned on. Most of the toys on the floor were either broken or dirty. The baby was standing up in his crib, chewing on the railing. Robert was a large pale boy of three with a crew haircut. He lay on his stomach with only an undershirt on, staring at the wall.

"I'm going to vomit again," he said, but he didn't. It frightened him to vomit.

"Mother's precious," Mrs. Reed said, and she took his temperature. She had to go to the window and raise the blinds to read the vaseline-smeared thermometer. It read one hundred and five and two-tenths.

She went immediately to the hall and picked up the telephone, dialed a number and said, "Dr. Hastings, please."

"Young doctor, or old doctor?" the receptionist asked.

"Young Doctor Hastings, please."

"Young doctor is away for the weekend. His calls are being—"

Mrs. Reed broke the connection, waited, then dialed again. "Gladys?" she said. "This is Bernice Reed, dear."

"Oh," young Doctor Hasting's wife said on the other end of the line at their cabin on the lake where they had gone for a day of rest. How did that woman get this number, she thought. "Well, how are you, dear?" she asked. "How are all your young?"

"My Robert has a temperature of one hundred and five and two-tenths," Mrs. Reed said, "I know what it's asking, but I would like Chuck to see him."

"Does little Bobby have the sniffles?" Mrs. Hastings asked.

"Robert's got one hundred and five and two-tenths," Mrs. Reed repeated.

"Well, Chuck is out on the lake, but I know how it is,"

Mrs. Hastings said. "The first thing I think about in hot weather like this is polio, too."

Mrs. Reed had not thought of anything at all until then. "How long do you think it will take Chuck to get here?" she asked. "About an hour?"

"Well, yes," the doctor's wife said reluctantly. "But I don't know how long it will take me to get him in from the lake. He's out in the boat."

"Well, you try real hard, dear," Mrs. Reed said. "And I'll expect him in about an hour." When she put the telephone down she was angry. She did not like children's doctors. She had adored her own obstetrician but she had never met a children's doctor she liked.

She went back to Robert's and the baby's room. Miss Meister, the baby's nurse, had just arrived. She was an old lady in a hat whose mother still lived and Miss Meister still lived with her mother. She was chucking the baby under the chin and both she and the baby were making similar noises.

"I want you to take him out today," Mrs. Reed said. "Robert is sick and you'll have to take him out and keep him out."

"I'll take him to a moving picture show," Miss Meister said. She added hastily, "Oh, it's all right. It's cool and he goes right to sleep, he never even looks at the pictures."

"I don't care where you take him, just take him," Mrs. Reed said. She was still angry about pediatricians and so she tried to say something nice to Miss Meister. "Well, how's your mother, dear?"

"Oh, she's better," Miss Meister said.

Mrs. Reed sat on Bobby's bed and gently rubbed his burning back. "I'm going to give you an aspirin and a nice alcohol bath and then you'll be all cool and well. How does my precious feel?"

"Fine," he said in a sick voice.

"Do you hurt anywhere?"

"No," he said, although his head ached.

Miss Meister and the baby left, both of them laughing, and after the alcohol bath and the aspirin Mrs. Reed took the Negro girl Carla into the hall.

"Now you stay with him. I'll take care of lunch. Just bring me a cup of coffee. I'll be in the tub in my bathroom."

"Oh, Mrs. Collier called. She asked did you expect her over about four today?"

"All right," Mrs. Reed said, immediately forgetting her friend Eleanor Collier who had given the party the night before and who hadn't been divorced very long.

She went into the master bedroom, put on a robe and walked down the hall to the guest room. Her brother-in-law Jimmy had been staying with them for about a month. He was twenty years old, had inherited several hundred thousand dollars the year before and had spent none of it, and he was fat. Mrs. Reed had hardly seen Jimmy after she had introduced him to the Adams girl, the blonde one who was eighteen and seemed to laugh constantly and who was said to be wild.

She opened the door. "Jimmy?"

"Uh," he said.

"Twelve o'clock, dear," Mrs. Reed said, although it was not. It was the only way she could get him out of bed. Jimmy hated to sleep past twelve o'clock noon.

Mrs. Reed unplugged the telephone from its connection in the hall and took it to the bathroom adjoining the master bedroom and plugged it in there. A cup of coffee was steaming on the edge of the tub. She took off her gown, lighted a cigarette and got in the tub and began to drink the coffee. After a moment she dialed the telephone and asked for long distance.

"You had a call for me," she said.

After a lot of crackling on the other end of the line a man said, "R. B. Reed speaking. Hello? Hello, this connection is very bad. Operator? Who'd you say is calling?"

"This is your wife," Mrs. Reed said very loudly. "You called me. What did you want?"

"Oh, honey," Mr. Reed laughed. "I can hardly hear what you say because the connection is so bad. Can you speak louder?"

"What did you want?"

"Why, I can't get home this weekend after all," Mr. Reed said. "Things are still all tied up."

"I didn't know you were planning on coming home this weekend," she said.

"I wrote a letter. Didn't you get it?"

"No," Mrs. Reed said. She paused to let him say something because she had nothing more to say but he did not speak. "Oh, Robert's sick," she added.

"Very sick?" Mr. Reed asked.

"No, not really." She paused again. "Well, played any golf?"

"No. Have you?"

"No," Mrs. Reed said. "Well, when will you be home?"

"I don't know," Mr. Reed said. "Well, I've got to run now. I'll phone you."

"Bye," she said.

"Bye," Mr. Reed said.

Mrs. Reed put the telephone on the floor and reached over and picked up the cigarette which had fallen out of the ash tray and made a burned-looking place on one of the white tiles.

At twelve-thirty Mrs. Reed was standing inside the front screen door when a taxi stopped and the major got out. He stumbled on the last flagstone just as he reached the door and since he could not see her inside the screen he said a very dirty word. Mrs. Reed laughed delightedly as if she'd played a practical joke.

The major looked at the door and grinned. "Excuse me, lady. I thought you was a cow."

"Come in out of the hot sun," she said, opening the screen door.

The major came inside and without taking off his cap put his arm around her waist and they kissed each other. Then she took his hand.

"Come on. Let's eat lunch. I'm hungry."

The major walked with one hand in his trouser pocket out to the patio and pulled her chair out for her and patted her as she sat down. She filled his wine glass. They kept glancing up at each other and smiling as they ate.

"Where's your husband, anyway?" the major asked.

"Oh, he's in Kansas."

(*turn over*)

"Yeah? What's he doing there?"

"He's about to have some oil wells."

The major raised his eyebrows respectfully. "No kidding," he said. "You rich?"

"Oh, no."

"But you're going to be. Aren't you?"

"Well, I guess so," she said.

"I like rich people," the major said. "I never met a man with money that I didn't like. He's not coming back from Kansas soon, is he?"

"Not this weekend anyway," she said.

The major was sitting sideways in the chair. He had dropped his napkin. "My brother Nick has a cabin on the lake. What's its name. You want to go down for the weekend?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "Who'll be there?"

"What do you mean who'll be there? You and me. We'll be there."

All she could think of at that moment was the rather stern manner of the minister at the Episcopal church which she attended infrequently. "I couldn't possibly," she said, and she felt ashamed of herself for being so weak because she did want to.

"Okay," the major said.

"It isn't right," she insisted.

"Okay."

"Well, it isn't!"

"I'm not arguing with you," the major said.

He lighted a cigar and strolled about the patio looking at the ferns and then sat down on the green canvas-cushioned glider under the white awning. She sat with her legs crossed and smoked a cigarette and drank the rest of her wine and tried to think. Then she walked over to the glider and they stared at each other without smiling.

"You really care about me?" she asked.

"Sure," the major said.

She felt even worse, but she allowed him to push her back among the pillows on the glider. She took his face in her hands and searched his eyes as if she were reading fine print.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"You care about me?"

"Dear," the major said gently. "What should I do? Hoist flags?"

"All right," she said. "I just want you to know this is the nicest thing that's happened to me in five years, that's all." She let him maul her gently about among the pillows. His face became wet with perspiration.

"You poor man," she said and undid his tie and unbuttoned his collar. "Why don't you take off that shirt?"

"All right."

"Come on," she said suddenly after he had his shirt off. "Let's go in where it's air conditioned."

She had made up her mind. So this is the way it happens, she thought, and she was quite surprised because it seemed so normal.

"Yeah, let's go in where it's air conditioned," the major said.

She led him through the house and into the library and closed the door. The air conditioning unit was set at sixty degrees. She closed the blinds and turned to him and stood waiting with her hands behind her back.

The major looked trapped.

"It's all right?" he asked. He did not seem to like being shut up in the library.

"Of course," she said impatiently. She sat down on the leather couch and waited for him.

The major locked the door, then he put his shirt over the back of a chair. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his face.

Mrs. Reed patted the place on the sofa beside her and slipped out of her sandals and pulled up her feet. "Listen, we'll go to the lake or anywhere you want to go," she said. "I love you. Do you know that?"

The maid knocked on the door. "Mrs. Reed? Doctor Hastings is here. He's just come."

The major looked alert.

"Take him on up, Carla," Mrs. Reed called, pulling on her sandals. "I'll be there." She stood up and put her hands flat on the major's chest. "My little boy's sick; that's his doctor. You'd better go."

"All right." The major began putting on his shirt.

"Come back about three-thirty or so."

"All right," the major said. "Can we go out to the lake then?"

Mrs. Reed kissed him. "I think so, I think we'll be able to go then. Now you run along."

She went out of the library first and ran upstairs. She had managed to keep from thinking about polio by thinking about other things but she could not do that any more. She went into the children's room.

Doctor Hastings was taking Robert's temperature. "And that old fish he grabbed that old hook and he ate that old worm and I jerked that old line and . . ." The doctor carried the thermometer to the window, smiling at it as he had smiled at Robert. "Yes, sir," he said to the thermometer, still talking modified baby talk.

"Hello, Chuck," Mrs. Reed said.

"There's mama," the doctor said with his idiot smile. "Look, Robbie, there's mama."

"How is he, Chuck?"

"Oh, Robbie's fine, mama," the doctor went on." Robbie's just going to be fine, isn't he, mama? We're going to have a look at this throat now, mama."

Robert did not like to have anyone look into his throat and he began to cry. Mrs. Reed had to hold him and he was sick and hot and slippery. The doctor looked down Robert's throat for the longest time.

"There!" Doctor Hastings said. He smoothed Robert's hair and gave him the tongue depresser to play with. "Robbie's going to be fine, mama, and as soon as he gets well Robbie's going fishing with Doctor Hastings. Aren't you, Robbie?"

"No," Robert said dully.

Mrs. Reed followed the doctor into the hall. "What's he got, Chuck?"

Hastings was young and bald and he was wearing a gay sport shirt that smelled slightly of fishing on the lake on a hot summer afternoon.

"Strep," he said. "Tonsils again." He patted Mrs. Reed's back. "Well, how are you, honey? You look a little tired. Circles under the eyes."

"It's this heat," Mrs. Reed said.

"Isn't it?" the doctor said. "Well, I'm going to call the

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"Children cry for it . . ."



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"How're you fixed for blades?"



"She's lovely, she's engaged . . ."



"I used to be a 98-pound weakling . . ."

BOTH ENDS OF THE CANDLE

fiction . . HARLAN ELLISON



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD WING

It was a love triangle to beat all triangles . . .

Frankly, I was beat to the socks.

When Dorothy Candle opened the front door of her house, standing there with that wispy bit of fluff all ready to be ripped off, all ready to have herself tossed between the sheets—I knew I'd had it! Three months of dating Dot Candle and her daughter Valerie—without either one knowing I was romping in the hay with the other—had worn me to a fine edge of nervous hysteria.

"Are you going to stand out there all afternoon?" she asked, waving a slim arm toward the dim interior of the house. I shuffled in, like a sleep-walker.

"I'm glad you could come over today," she said, after we'd both retired to the living room sofa. "I wasn't sure you were coming when I called you."

"Mmm," I mmmed. She'd called me at the fraternity house, and threatened me with throwing herself off the University Administration Building if I didn't tool over double-quick! Now, it seemed, she didn't even remember her threats.

"You look tired," Dot observed, stretching her arms

above her head till the thin, wispy *peignoir* lifted clear of her upper thighs. I took slow notice.

Tired? Why the hell *shouldn't* I be tired? Almost every day, for three months, no sooner had I left Dot Candle off with a kiss in front of the telephone company—where she worked night shift—than I'd had to drive crosstown to Stalling's Department Store to pick up her daughter Val.

No sooner did I climb out of the feathers with one (who was no slouch, let me observe!), than I'd climb in with the other! Tired? You aren't just masticating rice patties, brother!

"I bought this sleep outfit special for you," Dot smiled showing her white, even teeth. She stood up, on tiptoe in her pink mules, and showed the thing off. She needn't have bothered. I could see right through it.

"Nice," I said, lackadaisically. I felt as though all the energy had been drained out of me by square needles inserted in my brain-pan.

This is the last time, so help me God, I thought. *I'll tell her today I'm calling it off between us.*

Then, as I saw that look come into Dot Candle's grey eyes, I added, *Later. I'll tell her. Later.*

Dorothy leaned over, taking my hand, placing it over the wispy, silky material covering her breasts. "I'm glad you could come, Wendell," she breathed. "We *do* have fun, *don't* we?"

"Yeah. Fun." I'm afraid I wasn't too frisky, right then, but I'd had to stay up all night to catch up for an exam. This thing with the Candle women was taking quite a bit of time. No wonder my eyes were banked with bloodshot lines. My step was getting faltery, and the coach had warned me my timing was way the hell off. If you think keeping two hardy women satisfied doesn't soak it out of you—try it yourself sometime!

I didn't have long to worry about it, though, because in three seconds flat she was all over me, her lips hungry and searching. I found myself rising to her advances, even though I knew I'd be limp as last week's mashed potatoes afterwards.

"Wait a minute, honey," she gasped, drawing away. "I'll call you in a second." She got off me, and moved away, saying, "I know your football coach wouldn't approve, but mix yourself something from the bar. I'll be ready in a minute." She made a burlie-queen switch with her full hips, swirling the *peignoir*, licked her lips, and made a small animal noise.

Despite myself, I growled, "Rufff!", and she stuck out her tongue at me. She moved into the bedroom, wiggling like a Mixmaster.

I walked slowly and carefully to the bar. I'd found I had acquired a weave in my walk. I opened the bar and found the vodka. "A drink will steady me," I told myself aloud. "Any orange juice around?" I yelled.

Her voice sifted out of the bathroom. "Ice box, naturally."

I got the orange juice, mixed it with the vodka, and settled back down on the sofa with my Screwdriver. For the thousandth time since it had begun, I rolled this whole whacky situation through my weary mind.

I'd met Dorothy Candle three days before I'd met her gorgeous daughter Valerie. In my third year of college—without actually trying—I'd become a legend on campus. They called me "Minute Man" Asimov. The man with the split-second sex-drive.

It had been one of those completely screwball quirks of fate that brought Dot into my range.

I'd called New York, long distance, one morning. "Dad," I'd said mournfully, "we've been slapped with an order to buy five new lab books for biology. It looks like it's going to come to twenty-five dollars. I hate to ask you for it, Dad . . . what with my allowance all used up, and everything . . . but *you* know how it is . . ."

I'd gotten the promise of twenty-five (which had taken care of those abysmal blackjack debts to the brothers in my fraternity)—and a little bonus. The bonus was the long distance operator on my end, who had called me back fifteen minutes after I'd hung up.

"I'm off-duty," she'd said.

"Oh?" I'd answered, not quite getting the pitch. For all I knew she was a real pig; but her voice had been deep and throaty, like warm butter melting over warm butter. It had made *me* feel warm and melty.

"I liked the sound of your voice," she'd said. "I was lonely, and thought we might go out—have a drink."

I'd taken her up on it, and that had been the start. We had gone to her house in the early afternoon, and the warm circle of her arms had enfolded me for the first time.

I'd been seeing Dot Candle steadily—almost every day—ever since. In the afternoons, while Val was at classes and the department store.

I'd met Val three days later than her mother. I'd been practicing with the team, and she'd come down to watch. I'd spotted her in the stands, and made the pitch. Her mother hadn't told me her last name—even though we'd gotten very well acquainted—so I was amazed when I went to pick up Val for our first date, and found it was the same house I'd been visiting during the afternoons.

That night I'd found out "like mother, like daughter" was true, all too true.

The madness of the whole thing appealed to me. So, under wild pretenses that they mustn't reveal the name of the fellow they were seeing, to anyone, especially not their family, I'd kept one from learning the truth about the other.

When I was through romping in the hay with Mommy, I'd drive her downtown in my beat-up Chevvy; kiss her at the door of the phone company, and go crosstown to pick up her equally lovely daughter; kiss her at the door of the store, and drive back home for a romp in the hay with the offspring.

It had been Paradise Regained the first month or so. Then it had slowly become the pace that clobbers! I was beat all the time, inefficient in my studies, worthless on the gridiron, hopeless at everything. I looked like the "during" in the "before and after" posters.

I'd promised myself I was going to call this thing off, bid these hot-blooded dolls' fond adieu, and go back to sleep for three weeks, but every time they called, I came running. It was a real experience to shack up with a Candle girl!

As though my thought had been a signal, I heard the oozing oleo of Dot's voice from the bedroom. "Ready, Wendell, honey."

(*turn over*)



I put down what was left of the Screwdriver, and expanded my manly chest for the ordeal at hand. Even though I was bushed to the ground, the thought of her lying there made me hot right through my skin.

The ordeal at hand. That was *just* the phrase for it, too!

Dorothy Candle was stretched out on the bed. She was a well-preserved thirty-six. Not that you *have* to be preserved at thirty-six, but I've seen plenty of women who looked like empty sacks of alfalfa, at thirty-six.

Dot Candle was no empty sack. Her sack was well-filled. I just stood there in the bedroom doorway for a second . . . looking.

My eyeballs had a life of their own. They started at the feet and worked up toward the head of the bed. Long, trim legs that were beautifully-nudded and tapering in their nylon sheaths—just the way I liked her, with her hose still on! Thighs that were firm and round, the blood beating just beneath the surface of the pale skin; hips that swelled enticingly. The eyes paused only momentarily in annoyance at the tiniest of bulges at the stomach.

The stomach *did* bulge a bit, but only charmingly enough to make the eyes go locking elsewhere up the frame to make it unimportant. They moved on up, past the high, upthrust and inviting breasts, past the white, round throat—and stopped on the face, surrounded by a cloud of auburn hair spread out across the pillow.

Dot was a beautiful woman. Face unlined, full sensuous lips, hot eyes telling me there was a C.O.D parcel waiting for my taking.

I stripped quickly, and sat on the edge of the bed. Despite myself, my breath was coming in gasps, and my hands were palm-moist and shaking. She came into my arms smoothly—like a well-oiled machine.

She brought her face up, and my lips found hers. It was almost peculiar the way I kissed Dot Candle. Although our lips were magnetized, and they *had* to meet.

She slid her eyes shut, and her body moved against mine.

I didn't hardly realize my hands were moving on her body, till I felt her shift slightly, and I wasn't caressing the thin wispiness of the *peignoir* any more. I was touching the warm, moving flesh of her breast.

Suddenly I buried my face in the warm softness of her breasts, felt the ridged nipples harden under my lips. Her fingers were caught in my hair, pulling, and she was moaning in my ear, low: "Now! Now! What're you waiting for? What? Come on!"

Dorothy Candle's husband had peeled off into a six-foot trench three years after they'd been married, and what with Val to take care of, she'd been making do with what was handy ever since. She'd told me a dozen times I was the only one who could keep up with her.

I took a swan-dive, and swam the length of her body. "Nice, nice, nice, nice . . ." she kept moaning all through it, tossing and fighting, biting my ear.

At times like that, I was glad I'd had classes in sex hygiene.

I didn't waste much time.

Afterward, I lay there panting, and swearing to myself: *Never again! So help me God, never again!*

This was exactly what I'd told myself I *didn't* want to happen anymore.

"That was fine, Wendell," she murmured in my ear, playing with the ripples of my stomach muscles. "You're the greatest. When will I see you again? Tomorrow?"

I slammed my eyes shut, and a little moan escaped between my clenched teeth. I was tuckered out a-plenty. Every bone in my body cried out for sleep. I knew I had two more classes that day, and weeks' worth of studying to catch up on before I'd even be back where I should have been. Not to mention Valerie—and *her* insatiable nature.

"Maybe," I groaned weakly. This thing that had seemed so fantastically appealing—dating a mother and daughter without one knowing of the other—was now a nightmare.

Somehow I got dressed, though I ached in every joint, and drove Dot down to the telephone building. I sweated all the way—*a capella*.

I gave her the usual tender kiss at the door and drove off, half-asleep. I knew I had to go pick up Val at Stalling's in another hour. I got to quivering so badly I thought I'd pile up on a telephone pole.

If I'd thought the tremor would run down the wire and cold-caulk Dot, I might have done it. But I knew it wouldn't, so I did the next best thing. I stopped off at Terry's Bar & Grill and had a quick one.

In fact, I had three quick ones. No sense taking chances. Then I piled back into the Chevvy and went over to pick up Dorothy's daughter, Valerie.

She came out the side door a few minutes before the rest of the girls. Even if she hadn't, I would have spotted her. As tired as I was, the sight of those trim ankles, the tossing bob of carroty hair . . . and *those breasts!* I felt my dormant pulse speed up from 33 1/3, to 45, to 78 r.p.m.

Those breasts!

Fantastic!

They were even higher than her mother's, and they

(turn over)

were at least a 39—but carried beautifully. They pointed right up. In fact, they were the kind of breasts that made a guy look over his shoulder to see where and what they were pointing at!

The rest of her matched. She was just over five foot six, with all the weight carried in the hust and rump, just the way I liked them. *Zoftick!* But not sloppy; Good Lord, no!

She hip-switched up to the car and leaned in my window. "Don't I know you from someplace, Big Boy?" she smiled.

I usually had a wisecrack for her, but that had been three months before I'd gotten sent through a wringer.

"Mumpf," I wheezed, my head flopping onto the window-ledge.

"You don't look so well, Wendell," she said, concerned. "You sick?"

I nodded. "Uh-huh. Come on, get in."

She slid in next to me, her thigh brushing my leg, and it felt like someone had stuck a live wire into me. "*I* know what's the matter with you!" she cried. "And I know what you need to fix it up. Come on, let's go right up to the house!"

I almost groaned and slid under the steering wheel, but she didn't seem to notice.

"I've got something for *youuuuu*" She drew the word out suggestively, straightening back her shoulders, making her breasts push out against the fluffy cashmere of her sweater. "Let's go."

I could have fainted, right then, but somehow I got the car started, and drove back to the house. Back to that bed that had been the scene of so many heroic bouts between the Candles and myself. I was groaning inside. *Never again!* I swore to myself. *Never, never, never, never again.*

So it was back to the house. This time with the daughter, who had her mother beat by a few decimal places. I was suddenly beginning to feel like a yo-yo with a pair of everlasting, never-wearing-down, amazingly Amazonian strings. My eyeballs felt watered-down, and my legs were buckling from the knees.

That had been the roughest three months of my life—and today wasn't making it any easier.

At the house, while Valerie was busy turning off all the lights but one dim one casting a faint glow, I made myself another quick Screwdriver.

She drew the Venetian blinds, put on Ravel's *Bolero*, and changed in an instant from a reserved, bobby-soxed college co-ed, to a raging tigress.

First she ripped the clothes off me. "Off! Off!" she kept chortling, stripping me down.

"Take it easy with that sweater, will ya!" I yelled, as she yanked it off over my head. "It's got my football letter on it!"

It was a ritual with her—this stripping me down—and I'd learned the hard way not to frustrate this peculiarity Once she had me bone-naked, she started doing things.

The *Bolero* was just getting loud enough to hear, and she began moving. She'd take a short step toward me, and stop, moving her body slowly, running her hands up her body till they cupped her breasts—those magnificent breasts.

She'd take another step, and turn half-away from me. Then she'd run her smooth, slim fingers down to the hem of her skirt, and rub it up her legs, letting the full expanse of white thigh and marvelous leg show itself. Slow, slow, slow it would come up, and she'd let the fingertips rest lightly on the firm white skin of her thighs for a second. Then the skirt would come down. Cutting the sight off, just like that.

It always made me gasp.

I was petrified. I could feel my pulses pounding in my temples, my body beginning to sweat. So soon after a woman as hot and demanding as Dot, I was being stirred to an animal heat by her daughter.

The music was getting wilder, and she started getting the same way. Her hands came up, and pulled the full bob of her red hair up, till it spilled in a rich cloud over her face. Then her hands slid sinuously down her body, the fingers hooked, till they contacted the bottom of her sweater.

A few writhes and pulls, and she had the sweater off, and the black lace of her bra only one-third concealed the mounds of rose-pink loveliness they contained. "Ch . . . Ch . . . Ch . . ." I found my lips chattering, my eyes wide and burning.

She *shhhed* me to silence with a finger at her full wet lips.

I should mention that I *shhh* easily.

In a moment the bra was off. And here's the beauty of her: the breasts stayed where they were. They didn't spread into a pool of fat and drop to quiver around her belly-button. They were firm and round and tip-tilted—still pointing toward the juncture of wall and ceiling.

It took forever for the skirt to unzip and fall in a tweed circle at her feet. The panties matched the bra.

They didn't conceal a helluva lot, either.

Damn this family! I thought.

The music swelled to a crescendo, and the panties started rolling down. Down and down she rolled them, till they were a thin bandeau around her hips.

My body was aching for her. I saw my arms extended in front of me, but so help me I couldn't feel them move!

As the record whirled to a beating finish, she had the pants off, and the dark, matted triangle between the lustrous white of her thighs was revealed. Then she was in my arms, writhing, screaming, scratching at my back with ten little daggers that left ten red furrows, pleading for the same unchained thing her mother had pleaded for!

I never *could* refuse a woman . . .

The next week went the same way. The daylight hours were spent in mortal combat with Dorothy and her hungry limbs. The darkling hours were tossed away in gay madness with Valerie and her fantastic body.

I was so exhausted, I wanted to drop in my classes. My professors warned me I was going to flunk into limbo. The coach wanted to put me on carrot juice. I went from 180 to 155 in no time. I was stopped on campus and asked why my eyeballs were hanging down onto my cheeks. I couldn't answer.

Finally, I decided to stay away from them both—for good.

It worked fine for a few days. I was even beginning to feel a little healthier.



I'd gone without seeing either one for almost a week, when Dot called.

I was sleeping (I'd been doing a *lot* of that lately) on a couch in the living room of the fraternity house, when a pledge came over and wakened me. "Woman named Candle on the phone for you, Wendell," he said.

"*Which* Candle?" I asked warily.

"Didn't say," he answered.

"Tell her I'm flying the first ship to the Moon and they can't locate me." I started to lie back down.

"She says something about being preg . . ." he began, but I was off and running before he'd gotten the last syllable out.

"Hello?" I quavered, into the mouthpiece.

"Hello, Wendell, honey," I heard Dot's melting butter tones. "I haven't seen you all week. Where've you been?"

I lied some, and begged some, and swore some, but she threatened to go to the Dean unless I drove out there right away.

I finally said okay, and went upstairs to change into something that wouldn't get ruined if it was ripped off in a hurry.

Before I had a chance to leave, I got another call.

"Hello, Wen?" said Val's voice—strained.

"Yeah," I tried to tough it out.

"I'm pregnant, Wendell," she sobbed.

I almost fainted. Good God, NO! Not two of them! No, no, no, no, no, no, no . . .

I told her I'd see her. She said she was busy right now, but that she'd meet me at her house later that night, after her mother had gone to work. She signed off, saying "I'll have to introduce you to my Mom, Wendell. You'll just *love* her!"

All the way to the Candle home, I made sure my mind was a blank. *That oin't hard for you, Wendell boy,* I thought.

I pulled up in front of the house and ran up the walk.

(*turn to page* 67)

REHEARSAL

(*continued from page 9*)

Fearfully, she accepted his statement, and sat on the edge of the sofa, waiting eagerly for him to continue.

Inwardly, he smiled. Outwardly, he somberly took another long swallow of bourbon, then walked toward her slowly. He knew that he had undermined her self-confidence. But he would be around to give her all the confidence she would need, in case she didn't fully recover. In the meantime, his cramped desire, stirred, waited.

"All right," he said, "let's start." He paced back and forth in front of her while he talked. "Your lover has just come through the door. He is a cold-blooded scientist, the genius of the laboratory to whom flesh is a composition of chemicals. Desire, to him, is only a reaction that has to be solved like a formula, and then forgotten while he makes scientific pancakes for posterity. But you love him!" He looked down at her to emphasize the point.

She listened avidly.

"You no longer want this sterile relationship. You want him to *feel* like a *man!* Not a chemical reaction! You are going to make him want you as a woman! Not as a formula for letting off steam!"

He was breathing hard. "All right. Stand up and take off your clothes."

"What?"

"I said, Sandra dear, stand up and take off your clothes!"

She jumped up. Hurriedly she whisked off the shirt, revealing smooth straight shoulders, and when the bra catch wouldn't open, she ripped off the flimsy cloth, and her full rounded breasts jounced into view.

He stepped back as the needling pangs of unsated male thirst prodded him to take her right then, on the spot.

The red skirt and pink panties were pulled off together, and she kicked her shoes across the room. She stood up before him, her skin flushing as his eyes caressed the statuesque richness of her flesh.

"I want you to feel this naked tonight, on stage, with clothes on! Take the pose."

Body glowing, she put her hands on her stomach, arched, and veiled her eyes with the heavy lids.

His groin ached. "I want you to project every ounce of woman in you." Hand trembling, he reached out and touched the vibrant skin of her stomach just above her fingers. The flesh jumped under his hand, and the pink-tipped soft mounds swelled invitingly. He looked up into the green agitation of her eyes and said hoarsely, "I want to see that on stage!"

The hard-tipped torso heaved with ominous passion, and as she languorously raised her arms, he took his hand from her squirming stomach and cupped one hot mound.

She uttered a sharp cry of pleasure and leaned to him.

He couldn't think anymore. The pulsing flesh tingled to his touch, and the desire, hooded in her eyes, called to him. The juices of her body flooded the pores of her skin with a rich animal odor that fogged his mind. Her skin burned now, and with her hands flexing on her thighs, her loins undulated in front of him.

Her mouth opened wantonly, a tremor ran through her body, and then the mouth was searching his face, his eyes, his lips.

He pushed her grinding body from him, and stripped off his clothes, to the fevered hurrying sounds that moaned in her throat.

His lips, his tongue tasted the sweetness of her skin and they fell to the sofa.

She writhed beneath him. "Oooh darling . . . darling . . ." And she jailed him with her body.

Their mouths locked, and their tongues dueled ecstatically. His hands pleasured in the velvet flow of her skin, the svelte curves, the hot flesh. She uttered animal sounds as she nipped his shoulders, his neck. Suddenly, every muscle in her body contracted, and as the long deep sigh escaped her pleasure-contorted lips, his loins shuddered, and he floated with her in the sudden relaxing whirl.

They lay together, exhausted, letting sanity creep grudgingly back into their passion-soaked bodies.

That night, he sat with her in her dressing room, holding her hand just before the first act curtain. In the third act, just before she went on for the love scene, she took his hands and pressed them to her breasts.

She took fourteen curtain calls.

In Sardi's, waiting for the morning papers with the critics' reviews, she clutched his hand again, and her thigh flexed against his in the booth.

The reviews were all raves.

Both exhausted, Rod took her home, and tucked her in bed, while she sleepily begged him to stay.

The next afternoon, at three, Rod was discussing plans about the play with Jim Dawson, when the phone rang. It was Sandra.

"Rod, darling," her voice was filled with anxiety. "I have to see you right away."

Rod was pleased with himself, happy with the knowledge that Sandra was at last completely his. "Of course, sweetie. Come on over."

"It's that scene, Rod. I'm afraid of it. I can't go on tonight."

"Don't worry, honey. I'll straighten you out. Hurry over."

Dawson was smiling at Rod as he hung up. "I'll leave, boy." At the door, he stopped, staring off into space. "What a third act! You're going to have to watch her, boy."

"For goodness' sake, why, Jim?"

"You're forgetting the strain, Rod. It's high-pitched. She's under contract for a year, and with eight performances a week, plus occasional benefits, she might have a hard time holding up under the strain. She's Hollywood, she isn't used to the Broadway grind. But you are, and I'm damn sure that you'll take care of her." Dawson winked, and left.

Rod's brow furrowed, thinking about Sandra's worried voice, and the eight performances a week. Jim, he thought, you don't know what you just said. . .



WHEN LISA LOOKS....

PHOTO INTERPRETATION BY DONALD MILLER



No man has ever plumbed the depths of a woman's eyes. They mirror her every mood —yet there is always something which remains hidden. The eyes glow . . . dance . . . laugh . . . burn . . . but the enigma behind them remains unsolved.



Perhaps it is for the best that no man ever fully solves the mystery. Even at the moment of conquest, when the woman's eyes are filled with the joy of possession—their riddle remains. And though he cannot solve it, man may savor it.

In the tantalizing eyes of Lisa Laughlin, portrayed in a flashing variety of moods, is contained in the essence of womanliness. Study them well. And learn.





ERIC MOTT'S EXPERIMENT

(continued from page 51)

"I don't believe it," Gloria said laughing, obviously affected by the wine.

He leaned next to her and whispered. She laughed convulsively.

"That *is* new!"

"Let's try it."

"All right," she said. "It might be fun." Then, frowning, "I wonder if it should cost more that way?"

"Ridiculous," he said. "We are scientists. We are probing into the unknown." He laughed riotously. "Isn't that completely funny? Probing into the unknown . . ."

She laughed.

The scientific experiment was carried on with great enthusiasm, accompanied by frequent giggling on the part of Gloria, who was in such an odd position as to make giggling nearly impossible. When the experiment was finished, Eric was jubilant.

"Wait until my friends hear of this," he said. "This makes me sort of an explorer, doesn't it?" Again he laughed. How amusing everything is, he thought.

Gloria wasn't laughing quite so enthusiastically because, due to the scientific exploration, she was having some difficulty with her spine. It did not readjust easily to normal posture.

Eric drew a diagram of his discovery and showed it to her. "Fantastic, don't you think?" he asked.

"You ain't kiddin'," she said, rubbing her back.

"Let's do . . ."

Gloria held her hand up in protest. "That's too rich for a steady diet," she said.

"Yes," Eric agreed. "I suppose it is. Suppose we hide this from the world. Just us. Like the hydrogen bomb. That's it!" he shouted.

"That's what?" Gloria asked, now satisfied that her spine was intact.

"We'll call it the Hydrogen Bomb!"

"That's pretty accurate," she agreed.

After a while, Eric succeeded in a more conventional search for the unknown and settled down to rest. Gloria, not used to wines, fell asleep. Some hours had passed when Eric heard the knock on the door. He left Gloria, and, fastening his robe, opened the door.

A policeman stood on the threshold. He was thick shouldered, square-jawed. Eric thought he looked very nice in his uniform.

"Eric Mott?" he asked, pushing open the door.

"Yes," Eric said.

The policeman came into the room, quickly followed by a man dressed in plain clothes. The man, obviously a detective, patted Eric's body while the policeman went through the apartment. The detective was short, perhaps twenty-five pounds overweight, with very small dark eyes.

"Oh dear," Eric said as the officer inspected the apartment, coming across the unclothed, sleeping Gloria. "You have ruined my evening."

The policeman tapped Gloria on the foot with his club. She awoke, pulling a sheet about her modestly.

"Get dressed," the policeman said, "and come in here."

Gloria dressed quickly. Such women are able to slip in and out of clothes with amazing speed. She came into the room, staring at Eric in bewilderment.

"Is this a raid?" she asked.

"This," the police officer said softly, "is murder."

Eric laughed. "I knew you had found out. That policeman wasn't so smart after all."

"What policeman?" the man in the suit asked.

"The one at Precinct Seven."

"What did he have to do with this?"

"He told me to drop Sheila down the laundry chute."

"He's nuts," the policeman said.

The man in the charcoal-gray flannel suit went to the phone. "You get a call from a guy who asked what to do with the body of his wife?" the detective asked.

Eric was standing close, listening.

"Ummmmm. Let me see," a voice said.

"When was it?" the detective asked Eric.

"Oh, three or four hours ago."

"Three, four hours ago."

"Ummmmmmmmm."

"What's your pitch, babe?" the detective asked Gloria.

"Listen, buster," she said. "I just got this call. That's all. I don't know nothing about this deal."

The voice on the phone responded. "Yeah. Got a call. Guy was a joker. A clown."

"Yeah," the detective said and hung up the phone.

Eric had been thinking. "How did she die?" he asked.

"That's what we want to know. Suppose you tell us."

"Well, she might have been murdered. Or she might have just died. You know, like old elephants or something."

"This babe was no old elephant," the uniformed policeman said to the detective.

"We are able to follow you so far," the detective said to Eric.

"Well," Eric said, "how are we going to know?"

"A little man is down there figuring out the cause of death."

"How scientific," Eric said, then remembering his recent experiment, winked at Gloria, who looked away quickly.

"What is that supposed to mean?" the detective asked.

"That is our secret. We are keeping it from the world."

"You must be nuts!" Gloria said. "We aren't keeping anything from the world."

"Gloria," Eric warned, "you mustn't tell."

"Okay, babe," the policeman asked, "what is this secret? How does it fit in this case?"

Gloria was aghast. "It doesn't fit any place. He just had this idea on how to . . ." she stopped and sighed. Eric waited. "You wouldn't believe it if I told you," she said in despair.

"I have something to say," Eric said, beaming.

"Okay," the detective said.

"It's this. If Sheila just died, like an old elephant, you know . . . then you won't do anything to us, will you?"

The detective glanced quickly at the police officer. "That figures, if she died like an old elephant."

"So, Gloria, don't tell our secret. If she was killed, then I'll confess I did it. And we still won't have to tell the world about our experiment."

Gloria held her face in her hands and groaned.

(turn to page 62)



"Okay, okay. I'll put clothes on her! But it'll never sell!"

"Are you saying you did it?" the detective asked.

"Of course not. I simply said that if she was murdered, I'll confess. But if she wasn't, I won't. Can't you understand that?"

"Sit down, everybody," the detective said, lighting a cigarette. "This has got me upset." When they were all seated, the detective explained all the details, now known, in the case.

"First, you call police headquarters and ask them what to do with a body. You were here then?"

"Yes" Eric answered.

"Were you here too?" he asked Gloria.

"No!"

"When did you get here?"

"About seven-thirty. And I don't know anything about this guy's wife."

"Okay. So you are here alone with the body of your wife. And the policeman on duty tells you to dump the body down the laundry chute."

Eric laughed. "Wouldn't that sound fantastic in a courtroom?"

The detective closed his eyes for a moment. "Four hours later the body is discovered. You wrapped it in the sheet?"

"Yes," Eric said.

"You shoved it down the chute?"

"Yes," Eric said.

"And now, you say if she just died, nice and normal, nothing happens to you."

"Well, isn't that reasonable?"

"And if she was murdered, you'll confess."

"Certainly. Then our secret will be kept from the world."

"Stop saying it that way," Gloria shouted.

"How did you kill her?" the detective asked quickly.

"I don't know yet."

"You what?"

"I don't know. We'll have to wait until that scientist tells us how she died. However that was, I did it that way."

"Oh, horsesh . . ." the detective said.

The telephone rang. The detective answered.

Eric could not hear the other voice this time, because he was sitting on the far side of the room now. He wondered how he did it. This was exciting. Very exciting.

"Died at two in the afternoon."

"What killed her?" the detective said into the phone.

"Ummmmmmmm. Are you sure?"

Pause.

"You are absolutely positive?" he asked.

Eric was impatient. He just had to know how he killed her, if he did.

"Okay," the detective said, and hung up.

He blinked his eyes nervously, took a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his face.

Eric smiled nicely. "Please," he said, "tell me. I'm dying to know."

The two men from police headquarters eyed each other. "We'll let that go for a while. Why did you get rid of the body like that?"

"It was in the way," Eric said simply. "So I called the man at the police precinct and asked . . ."

"Okay!" the detective said, obviously out of patience.

"But why did you want to get rid of the body?"

"It was in the way," Eric answered. He had about decided that New York policemen were all imbeciles. Why couldn't they understand it the first time he said it?

"Let me put it this way, Why didn't you call the doctor, a funeral home, things like that?" the detective asked.

"I didn't call the doctor because she was dead. What could *he* do? And I didn't call the funeral home because I had this scientific idea I wanted to try and there would be so many arrangements that it would ruin the evening. So I called Gloria and dropped the body down the chute like the man said at the police . . ."

"Stop!" the detective said, holding up his hands. "That's enough." He paced the room in silence.

"How did I kill her?" Eric asked. "I've answered all of your questions. Now you answer mine."

"You don't know. You are serious?"

"Certainly. I have to know how she was killed if I am going to confess. Who ever heard of confessing to a murder if you don't know how the person was murdered?"

The detective sighed. "I want to know about this experiment."

"Never, Gloria," Eric cautioned. "Don't tell. They haven't any right . . ."

"Shut up," Gloria shouted. "Don't get me mixed up in this."

The detective walked to the phone, dialed a number, waited, then spoke. "This is House," he said. "Let me have how that Mott babe died again." There was a pause. "Sure I know you told me. I just want to hear it again. Official." Another pause. "Okay." He hung up.

The detective turned back to the group. "The man said and the man knows. That's all there is to it."

"How did I kill her?" Eric asked.

The detective sighed. "You didn't. She died of a cerebral hemorrhage, not influenced by drugs or any sort of medication."

Eric laughed. "You see, like an old elephant . . . that's what I said."

"What do we do with him?" the officer asked.

"Nothing," the detective said. "There is no law against shoving a dead woman down a laundry chute. Anyway not when the New York police give you the authority to do it. Damn it, let's get out of this place."

They left. Eric smiled at Gloria, who had not comprehended the thing in full, and who was obviously studying it over in her mind.

"Shall we go on?" he asked.

"I'd better leave," she said. "You owe me . . ."

"Oh no," Eric said. "The deal was for the whole night. You said so yourself."

"I can't figure out if you are nuts or a genius."

"I've been thinking about a sort of adjustment to our scientific Hydrogen Bomb." Eric went over to Gloria and whispered into her ear.

She began to smile, and then she laughed. "That might not be so bad . . . you know, that might be all right."

"Hurry then," Eric shouted gleefully. "I can't wait."



HOW TO LIVE IN A CASBAH

(*continued from page* 24)

is the rich man's drink. A big glass of wine costs two or three cents, cognac the same. With each drink you're served a *tapa*, a bit of cheese on bread, some fried sardines, possibly a small portion of potato salad or some cold meat.

It's cheaper still to buy your potables by the bottle. Ten cents a quart for red wine. Thirty-five or forty cents for a quart of Spanish cognac or rum.

The Moors, of course, are forbidden by Koranic law to take alcohol. Instead they manage to remain high on *kif*, the Arab equivalent of marihuana. Probably as many Moors smoke *kif* as do tobacco. In the Casbah it is sold openly, cheaply and everywhere. A special tiny pipe, somewhat similar to a Chinese opium pipe, is used. Well-to-do Moors have a very clever folding affair which will go into a pocket, but the man in the street tucks his pipe into his belt, like a sword, and the hell with it.

As you wander up and down the streets, and particularly at night, you are struck by the large number of Moorish ladies of the evening. They stand against a wall, or by a seafront railing, and only their eyes, above their colored veils, tell you they are practicing the oldest profession under Allah's sun. Moorish prostitution differs from Western principally in the fact that the institution of the "short time" has never become known in Morocco. A Moorish professional lady expects to dance for her customer, strum the local three-stringed musical instrument and sing the high-pitched Moorish love songs.

Casbah restaurants are unique in size and cooking facilities. Evidently the proprietor doesn't expect to have more than five or six customers at a time. Certainly he is unprepared for more. His cooking is done over an open charcoal fire, practically in the diner's lap, and a meal can be had for as little as a peseta (two and a half American cents). A fairly adequate meal can be enjoyed for a nickel. The kebobs—meat, onions, tomatoes, etc. cooked on skewers—are wonderful. Lamb and kidney are probably the best.

The market is conducted largely by Riffs who bring their products down from the Atlas Mountains. Bargaining can become complicated when you speak no Riffian (nobody speaks Riffian but the Riffs, and even they must have a hard time learning it) and the Riff speaks no European language. Business is conducted largely by women who may have walked as many as two or three days, their products on their backs, to market. At night they sleep on the ground or in native "hotels" where they find space for a peseta hut are unprovided with bed or blanket.

Another week goes by and you borrow enough for another payment on the rent, but not as easily as the first time you put the bite on your one acquaintance in town.

And another week goes by.

I know you thought this was going to end with the money coming and a great settlement of all accounts and a moving back to the hotel in the European section

Well, you're wrong. The money never did come.

Listen, if you ever get to Tangier, look me up. Anything you want, I can get you for the lowest prices. Maybe you'd like a conducted tour through the Casbah, see the Sultan's palace, see the snake charmers. If you'd like some bargains I know where you can get English tweeds for a song, Swiss watches cheaper than in Switzerland. Or maybe you'd like to drink some absinthe. . .

ALL DAY SATURDAY

(*continued from page 46*)

drugstore and have them send you some sulfa. Give it to him the same way you did before."

Mrs. Reed drank a glass of beer with the doctor in the kitchen before he made the long hot drive back to the lake. He was going to stop in at the hospital first. She walked with him out to his car and laughed as she told him goodbye and waved to him.

In the kitchen the maid had started to wash the lunch dishes.

"Carla, I don't want you doing that. I want you upstairs with him. I'm going to lie down for a while. When the boy from the drugstore comes you call me."

Mrs. Reed went upstairs feeling tired. Her young brother-in-law Jimmy was standing in his bathroom with a towel wrapped around his fat middle, shaving. He called to her.

"Hey, Bernie, how about some breakfast?"

She stopped at the door of his room. "No, sir. Not in the afternoon."

"I don't see why not. People make these ridiculous rules. Look at the Eskimos. They eat whenever they want to."

"Go live with them then," she said.

"Say, Bernie. Tell me something. Did you like Italy? I mean when you were there did you really like it enough to stay?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I think I'll go next week."

Mrs. Reed smiled. She was thinking about the Adams girl. "On your honeymoon?"

"Honeymoon? Oh, you mean that Francis. Naw. Who wants to marry her?"

"Don't you?"

"Naw. She's sexually immoral."

Mrs. Reed was stunned. "Why, Jimmy, what do you mean?"

"Three guesses, little one," Jimmy said.

"Oh, Jimmy, that's a terrible thing to say. Haven't you any feelings? Jimmy, I know that girl loves you if she did that for you. I know she loves you."

"Well, that's the problem, you see. How can I ever be sure now? I mean, after we're married how would I know whether she had boy friends on the side? Do you see my point? So I'm not going to marry her. I'm going to Italy. Listen, Bernie, can't I really have some breakfast? Just some waffles or something like that?"

Mrs. Reed walked away, almost in tears. The maid was standing in the hall. "Stuff from the store's here."

"Give it to me," Mrs. Reed said tiredly. She went into the children's room.

At four o'clock Robert was sleeping soundly and although Mrs. Reed had not taken his temperature he felt cooler when she touched him. She tiptoed out of the room and down the red, white and black hall to her room and sat at her dressing table dabbing perspiration from under her eyes.

The maid leaned in the door. "Mrs. Collier's come. She's downstairs sitting in the living room."

"Oh," Mrs. Reed said. She had forgotten all about Eleanor Collier, but she would get rid of her somehow. "Well, I'll be down in a moment."

At the far end of the hall where the stairs began Mrs. Reed saw a burned-out safety match lying on the carpet. She stooped to pick it up and then started down the stairs. Halfway down she saw the major and Mrs. Collier standing side by side with their arms around each other staring at the picture window. Casually the major dropped his hand and patted Mrs. Collier, and Mrs. Collier looked up at the major and smiled beautifully. She was a striking-looking woman.

"Say, my brother Nick's got a cabin out at that lake what's its name," the major began.

Mrs. Reed went back upstairs and into the guest room and pressed the buzzer that buzzed downstairs in the kitchen. The buzzer in her own bedroom was out of order. In a moment she heard the Negro maid call from the foot of the stairs, "You want something, Mrs. Reed?"

She waited.

The maid came upstairs and looked in the door of the guest bedroom. "You want something, Mrs. Reed?"

"Come in and shut the door, Carla. Tell Mrs. Collier and Major Bartlett that my little boy is worse and that I can't see them this afternoon after all. Offer them something to drink."

"He really isn't worse, is he?"

"No. I only want you to tell them that."

"Yes, ma'am. I see now."

Mrs. Reed went back to her own bedroom and sat stiffly on the side of the bed. Rapidly she thought back over everything the major had said to her. Not once had the major said, "I love you." Oh, I've been a fool, Mrs. Reed thought. She had been ready to give up everything. Then she thought, well at least no one knows about it.

She sat on the side of the bed and tried to count her blessings and tell herself everything was really all right so she would feel better. The house she lived in was an exact reproduction of an old house in New Orleans and had cost thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars. It rested on a plot of one acre and was surrounded by a hedge of azaleas. All the clothes she ever wore she bought at Neiman-Marcus. Her husband came from Boston and both her boys were going to Harvard like their daddy had. R. B. would make the million dollars he wanted and he would probably make it soon. Also he loved her very much.

It's no good, Mrs. Reed thought suddenly, I don't love him. She had never thought that before.

She walked to the bedroom window over the driveway and stood looking down at the neat white gravel. She tried to think about her life and how much fun she had growing up with her four brothers. There had certainly been a long line of boyfriends in high school, she had gone every place. But she hadn't fallen in love like some girls, though. During the war she had gone out with so many Air Force cadets and young second lieutenants while all around her the girls she knew were getting married rapidly like cereal being shot from guns. But she had gone to Italy with the Red Cross and then come home and had her own business for a while and made ten thousand a year and finally she had met R. B., good old R. B.

But it's not enough, Mrs. Reed thought, I don't love



"HEY! HOW DO I FIT INTO THIS CAPER?"

him. She was fond of R. B., but she was not in love with him. Somehow she had missed falling in love with anyone, missed it some time when she had been in school or during the war. She wanted to be young again so she could fall in love. That was impossible. She could never be young again and she had never been in love with anybody and she never would be.

Ain't I a darb, Mrs. Reed thought bitterly and lay down on the bed and cried a little. After a bit she sat up and blew her nose because she really did not feel like crying too much. She hated people who cried about things. Well, I shall just have to make the best of it, she thought, make the best of being wealthy and so on, too. She laughed at herself a little bit. You poor thing, she thought, you poor wealthy unloving thing, it's tough about you.

Mrs. Reed went into the bathroom where she had left the phone that morning and picked it up. "Operator?" she said, sniffing. "Long distance? I want to speak to a number I spoke to earlier in the day. You people are so clever. I'm sure you can trace it for me or something."

She had to wait a long time then.

"R. B. Reed speaking. Hello?"

"This is Bernice."

"Bernice? Robert isn't worse, is he?"

"No, it's only tonsils again. Listen, you've got to come home and do something about Jimmy."

"Jimmy? Jimmy who?"

"Your brother-in-law Jimmy. He isn't going to marry that girl. He's got some silly idea she's sexually immoral. He's going off to Italy."

"Well, that's his business. Anyway, how do you know she isn't sexually immoral?"

"You have to talk to him," Mrs. Reed said.

"I can't," her husband said. "Why, I couldn't talk to Jimmy about a thing like that. I'm afraid you don't understand."

"I understand," Mrs. Reed said. "R. B., if you don't come home and talk to Jimmy about this nice girl, I'll leave you."

On the other end of the line a long distance away Mr. Reed suddenly began to laugh.

"You may go straight to hell," Mrs. Reed said and broke the connection and went back and sat on the edge of her bed. She hated men.

The maid came to the door. "Robert's temperature is down to normal. I think he's better. He let me take it. And Mr. Reed is calling you on the downstairs phone."

"I am not at home," Mrs. Reed said. "Is that you out there, Miss Meister?"

"Say hello to its precious mother," old Miss Meister said, thrusting the baby up so he could see over Carla's shoulder. "Oh, we don't know what we'd do without our mothers, do we? Oh, I don't know what I'd do without mine, let me tell you."

"Do without, of course," Mrs. Reed said under her breath. Louder she said, "Thank you, Miss Meister."

Carla said, "And Mrs. Collier left her car here. I thought it was all right to let her."

"Have she and the major gone?"

"Yes'm. I fixed martinis and those little imported sardines. And they left."

"If there's anything left in the shaker I'll drink it," Mrs. Reed said.

"Yes ma'am. I'll get it and see."

Mrs. Reed sat on the bed holding her right ankle with her left hand and thinking about nothing.

Miss Meister stuck her hatted head in the door. "Well, I'm off now."

(turn over)

Mrs. Reed smiled at her. "I love your hat, Miss Meister."

"This old thing?" Miss Meister said. "Why, you dear." And she left feeling quite set up.

Carla came in with the heavy silver tray and put it on the bedside table.

"Man's best friend," Mrs. Reed said with a sigh. "Gin."

The maid smiled shyly.

"Carla, you know that chartreuse dress? You can have it if you want it."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Reed."

Mrs. Reed poured a glassful. "Why don't you run along now? It's Saturday night. You're going out tonight, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I'll stay if—"

"Run along, Carla."

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, Mrs. Reed."

Mrs. Reed sat at the window with her feet up on the sill. The house across the street was a colonial, absolutely white with no other color except the black of the shingled roof. The late afternoon sun glared off it like high C. As Mrs. Reed sat staring a little girl in a pink dress came out the front door and walked slowly down to the hitching post at the curb. The child was fat and the dress had a ballerina-like skirt and the hitching post was a block of cement with an iron ring in it. The little girl sat down on it and crossed her ankles and folded her hands in her lap. In spite of the distance between them Mrs. Reed could tell that the child was hot and unhappy and that she had undoubtedly been told she might go outside to play if she did not get her dress dirty. Some people, Mrs. Reed thought and she shook her head.

The telephone began to ring. Mrs. Reed ran to answer it before the children woke up.

"Bernice?" R. B. said. "Is that you, dear?"

"Well, what do you want?"

"Now about what you were talking about," he said. "I mean about leaving me. I think you're allowing yourself to become unduly excited, and—"

"Oh, I didn't really mean it," she said. "Where would I go if I left you?"

"Well, that thought crossed my mind but I was afraid you might have an answer. Listen, I'll come home tonight. I'll talk to Jimmy."

"Good old hoss," Mrs. Reed said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said you're a good old horse."

"Well," R. B. said. "I guess that makes you a horse's wife, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Reed laughed. "I'll meet you at the airport."

"Right," R. B. said. "Bye for now."

"Bye."

She went into the children's room. They were both still asleep. Robert was moving his legs restlessly but his head felt cool. In a little while he would wake up and feel quarrelsome and probably want something to eat. R. B.'s plane would be in at ten-thirty and she knew her mother would come over and sit. It was quiet and peaceful in the house and she enjoyed that. With a sigh she went back to her bedroom and ate the last of the imported sardines.

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LITTLE NELL AND THE SQUIRE'S GREEN BOTTLE

(*continued from page* 38)

Pa," she shouted, "Our girl has made good!"

Pa stood up in his righteous wrath and pointed his finger at her again. "I wouldn't have minded your being a fallen woman if it was just diamonds and furs but that bundle is just too much. Go! Never more darken my door." And he was pretty dramatic about it, too. Ma stood between Little Nell and her Pa, holding up her hand just as dramatically.

"No! Pa, No! Not into the cold cruel snow with just those minks and diamonds to keep her warm. Besides I want to hear the squalling of little children around here again." She led Little Nell to the table. "Put him there," she said, large alligator tears flowing down her slattern face.

Little Nell laid the bundle gently, tenderly on the table.

Suddenly there came a lusty rapping on the door and Ma rushed to let the rapper in. In strode the Rich Young Squire. "Where is my wife Nell?" he shouted lustily. Then, spying her, he lusted over to the table where they all stood. Nell nervously jiggled her diamond bracelets.

"Ah ha! Me proud beauteah," said the Rich Young Squire, twirling the heavy black hair on his chest which had grown there in the past year. "Where is my Pernod?"

Pa stood pointing his finger wrathfully but Ma unwrapped the bundle on the table gently, tenderly, exposing four large green bottles of Pernod.

No one said anything but Ma hurried her slattern frame after the jelly glasses. Again they tasted the rich warmth of the Pernod and Little Nell got that old feeling. Ma hastily took a bottle in one hand and Pa's arm in the other, hustling him off to the bedroom, switching her slattern hips in a most unladylike manner. Little Nell and the Rich Young Squire fell into each other's arms and from then on, Little Nell kept Ma supplied with Pernod and Ma kept Pa supplied with Pernod and Pa kept Ma supplied with warmth in the home, and they all lived happily ever after.

∞



BOTH ENDS OF THE CANDLE

(*continued from page* 55)

I pressed the buzzer, and almost immediately the door was opened.

By Valerie.

I wanted to fold into the sidewalk, but she licked her lips and said, "Come on in, Wen, honey."

I must have looked like a somnambulist, because she steered me to a chair, directly facing the sofa.

Dot sat on the sofa.

"B . . . b . . . but you two don't know about each other! You . . . you . . . *can't* know . . ." I stumbled into incoherent jabbering, drooling and frothing.

"Oh, pish," said Val, waving my objection away with one slim hand. "We've known all along. The only reason we say anything now is that you seem to be drifting away."

"And we can't let *that* happen," Dot added, smiling at Val in a motherly manner. "You're the first fellow we've had around in six years that can keep up with us!"

They both smiled at me charmingly.

I wanted to die.

"I won't do it!" I said emphatically. "We're through!"

"Oh no we're not," Dot said.

"If you say we're quits, I go to the Dean," she continued. "I'll tell him you compromised my daughter. That'll get you booted out of the University good and proper."

"And," Val added, smiling sweetly, *"I'll* call your father in New York and tell him you compromised me—*and* my mother, and the chances are that'll get you disinherited. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

They kept right on smiling—damn them!

"How much do you want?" I asked.

"Everything," they said together.

"Ev . . . ev . . . ev . . .?" I couldn't get it out.

"We just want you, doll-face," Dot said. "That's all."

My heart went flippity-flop and settled into my tummy.

"Well, I suppose I could make out a schedule . . . different days for each of you. How would that be?" It was a last-ditch hope. I knew if I didn't work it that way, I'd be a 97-pound scrawny in another three months.

They laughed and came over, kissing me. "That'll be fine," Val said, starting to undress.

"Yes, just dandy," Dot agreed, dropping her quickly-unzipped dress.

They stood in front of me, nude. Waiting. It would have made any other man pant with eagerness. Me? It only made me want to faint.

"Well, let's go," I said, starting to get up. I got two steps toward the bedroom, and Dot's voice stopped me.

"Oh!" she said.

I turned around and she had an, "Oh, damn it!" look on her face. "There's one thing I forgot," she said.

"Yeah? What's that?" I asked, worried.

"You may have to revise that schedule a little bit."

"Why?" I asked.

"My kid sister Cherry is coming to live with us next week. Oh, you'll like her, I'm sure. She's got red hair like both of us . . ."

∞

A man's best friend may be his dog . . .

But **THE DUDE'S** *best friend is —*

THE GENT





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COCKSURE WOMEN AND HENSURE MEN

(*continued from page* 15)

really much surer than the cock, in a different way. She marches off to lay her egg, she secures obstinately the nest she wants, she lays her egg at last, then steps forth again with prancing confidence, and gives that most assured of all sounds, the hensure cackle of a bird who has laid her egg. The cock, who is never so sure about anything as the hen is about the egg she has laid, immediately starts to cackle like the female of his species. He is pining to be hensure, for hensure is so much surer than cocksure.

Nevertheless, cocksure is boss. When the chickenhawk appears in the sky, loud are the cockerel's calls of alarm. Then the hens scuffle under the verandah, the cock ruffles his feathers on guard. The hens are numb with fear, they say: Alas, there is no health in us! How wonderful to be a cock so bold!—And they huddle, numbed. But their very numbness is hensurety.

Just as the cock can cackle, however, as if he had laid the egg, so can the hen bird crow. She can more or less assume his cocksureness. And yet she is never so easy, cocksure, as she used to he when she was hensure. Cocksure, she is cocksure, but uneasy. Hensure, she trembles, but is easy.

It seems to me just the same in the vast human farmyard. Only nowadays all the cocks are cackling and pretending to lay eggs, and all the hens are crowing and pretending to call the sun out of bed. If women today are cocksure, men are hensure. Men are timid, tremulous, rather soft and submissive, easy in their very henlike tremulousness. They only want to be spoken to gently. So the women step forth with a good loud *cock-a-doodle-do!*

The tragedy about cocksure women is that they are more cocky, in their assurance, than the cock himself. They never realize that when the cock gives his loud crow in the morning, he listens acutely afterwards, to hear if some other wretch of a cock dare crow defiance, challenge. To the cock, there is always defiance, challenge, danger and death on the clear air; or the possibility thereof.

But alas, when the hen crows, she listens for no defiance or challenge. When she says *cock-a-doodle-do!* then it is unanswerable. The cock listens for an answer, alert. But the hen knows she is unanswerable. *Cock-a-doodle-do!* and there it is, take it or leave it!

And it is this that makes the cocksureness of woman so dangerous, so devastating. It is really out of scheme, it is not in relation to the rest of things. So we have the tragedy of cocksure women. They find, so often, that instead of having laid an egg, they have laid a vote, or an empty ink-bottle, or some other absolutely unhatchable object, which means nothing to them.

It is the tragedy of the modern woman. She becomes cocksure, she put all her passion and energy of her life into some effort or assertion, without ever listening for the denial which she ought to take into account. She is cocksure, but she is a hen all the time. Frightened of her own henny self, she rushes to mad lengths about votes, or welfare, or sports, or business: she is marvelous, outmanning the man. But alas, it is all fundamentally disconnected. It is all an attitude, and one day the attitude will become a weird cramp, a pain, and then it will collapse. And when it has collapsed, and she looks at the eggs she has laid, votes, or miles of typewriting, years of business efficiency—suddenly, because she is a hen and not a cock, all she has done will turn into pure nothingness to her. Suddenly it all falls out of relation to her basic henny self, and she realizes she has lost her life. The lovely henny surety, the hen sureness which is the real bliss of every female, has been denied her: she has never had it. Having lived her life with such utmost strenuousness and cocksureness, she has missed her life altogether. Nothingness!



Have you noticed how many well-dressed people are reading THE DUDE?
Why, some people would gladly give the shirts off their back for a copy. Too bad that some newsstands run out, due to the heavy demand, and someone has to be disappointed.
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HERE IT IS! Last issue we promised...She would love you forever if...

YOU made it possible for her to enter the rich world of pleasure where she can go to any show she wanted to see. Where she could have the finest furs against her live young body. Taste the luscious succulence of food as only the finest chefs could prepare it. Drink the heady wines of the gods. Know the aliveness of a scintillating world of sophistication and good living.

Who is SHE? Only YOU know! To us, she is MISS DUDE, but only *YOU* know her name. We can tell you how, but only *YOU* can solve the mystery of who MISS DUDE is. Help us find her and we will whisk her to New York by airliner for a glorious pleasure-filled week. The town will be *HERS*. You will see her on the big TV programs, at the famous night spots, at the theatre or dining at one of the great restaurants. It will be a joyous pleasure-*full* week. It could be a step toward the stars and fame. But certainly she will never forget the pleasure of that week and that *YOU* gave it to her. She will return with stardust in her eyes just for *YOU*! *YOU* made it possible for her!

HOW? It's easy. Just pick that special girl you know. Maybe you are going steady . . maybe you are married to her . . maybe she even is your sister . . . or maybe you just know her and think she is beautiful, charming, lovely, clever or all of these things and more. But only *YOU* know her. Help us find her and she will be . .

MISS DUDE! of the month

HERE'S HOW:

1. **Just put your heads together. Fill out the coupon below and send it to us.**
2. **All entries must be submitted on this coupon. NO others will be considered.**
3. **MISS DUDE candidates must be at least eighteen years of age.**
4. **Every entry must be accompanied by at least one full-length photograph of the girl of your choice—the more photographs the merrier, but photos cannot be returned.**
5. **Final selections will be made by a distinguished panel of judges selected by the publishers of THE DUDE.**

AND REMEMBER THIS: *A new* **MISS DUDE** *will be selected for each issue . .* Any girl may enter herself as a candidate. You don't need a man to do it for you. Girls can enter girls, too . . . For a preview of what awaits each winner, turn to page 29.



Board of Judges **MISS DUDE Contest**

500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York

_____ (Date)

Gentlemen:

I nominate (name) _____ as a candidate for the **MISS DUDE** Contest.

Her age _____ Her street address _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____.

My name _____.

Street address _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____.

If you're a girl, entering yourself, check here: ☐

I think this girl would make the ideal **MISS DUDE** because:

Her measurements are attractive: Height _____ Weight _____ Bust _____ Waist _____ Hips _____.

She has an interesting, charming personality: Occupation _____ Favorite hobbies _____.

(check one) ☐ Single ☐ Going steady ☐ Married

And I know she would love to win the MISS DUDE contest because _____.

_____.

_____.

I'm enclosing pictures of her to show you what I mean. Hope she wins!

_____

Signature



IN THIS ISSUE:

What do you hear from Tangier?
Does Pernod do it?

Do you wonder what it would be like to have a tail?
Would you like a hydrogen bomb in your bed?

Are you hensure or cocksure?

